CAMOSUN

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The Camosun

YEAR
1931-1932

Victoria High School

Autographs

The CAMOSUN

PUBLISHED *by the* STUDENTS *of* THE VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

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Table *of* Contents

Photo: Principal Ira Dilworth 4
Principal's Foreword 5
Farewell 6
Editorial 7
Photo Group, Division I. 8
News Stand 9
Photo Group, Division II. 12
" " Division III. 14
" " Division IV. 18
" " Division V 20
" " Division IX. 24
" " Division X. 26
Class Notes 30
Modern History Club 45
Portia 46
Beta Delta 48
Dramatics 49
Death Hollow (prize story) 50
Fuji Yama (prize descriptive essay) 53
Letters to the Editor 54
Sports 56

IRA DILWORTH, *Principal*

Principal's Foreword

IT is now my privilege as Principal of this School to say a word to the Graduating Class. It will, of necessity, be a brief message, but none the less sincere for that.

First, let me express the gratitude the Staff feels towards you for all that you have helped the School to accomplish during your years here. We have felt from the beginning your willingness, even eagerness, to co-operate in every enterprise which had the good of the School in view. High standards have been set and splendid records achieved.

Then, as you are about to leave us, let me tell you that you carry out with you the very best wishes of every member of the teaching Staff. We look to see you do well in life. No one outside your immediate family will follow your career with more interest than we. We shall rejoice in your successes and shall be humbly thankful to have had any part in equipping you to serve humanity.

And now, one personal word. This is no time for sentiment or empty formality. Never has it been more imperative for a principal of this School to say to a Graduating Class—"Courage!" You have heard of the difficulties of the world you are to enter outside these walls. These difficulties are very real. Do not cringe before them in doubt and fear. Face them with the determination to win through. Remember the stock from which we are sprung; remember that we are Canadians and inherit a proud title, standing in the eyes of the world, as we do, as a nation characterised by courage and resourcefulness. Now is no time for slackness, for lowering of standards. Go forward with the same regard for personal virtue and national integrity that marked our forefathers—and the victory is yours. No country in the world today offers a greater challenge and opportunity to its young men and women than this, our Canada.

"There are glorious years ahead of you if you choose to make them glorious. God's in His heaven still. Go forward, brave hearts."

—I. Dilworth.

Farewell

Dear old school, we bid farewell—
One last ling'ring look ere we sail
On life's uncertain sea to Port O' Dreams,
But like a guiding star, thy ideal gleams.

On turbulent water, though we be
Battered, storm-tossed, on a hopeless sea,
Our life-long ideal, 'twill be the same—
Whate'er we do, we'll play the game.

Within its walls, on fancy's wings
We flew to realms of imaginings—
Now in a graveyard, gaunt and grey,
Now midst the battle with "Scots wha hae."

With puzzled brow o'er blotted page
We cast dark looks in suppressed rage,
Nibbling at our faithful pen,
Working at problems beyond our ken.

All is past, O bitter-sweet farewell—
To comrades, teachers, who knew us well.
No—we leave, not with scholastic fame
But ah—we learned to play the game.

Now you, who will our successors be—
To keep the ideal gleaming is our plea—
No easy prize, but a worthwhile aim,
Always, courageously, to play the game.

—Eiko Henmi, Division IX.

Editorial

"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world . . ."
—Tennyson.

YES—our High School life has been a great and profitable experience. Before us all lies life with its many fields, and at this outset may we all wish one another "bon chance." Some of us will seek the realms of higher education, some will enter the great commercial activities of the world, but let us all carry with us the finer traditions of this institution.

In all the realms of its activity the school has added many honours to its fine collection. All our various teams have done their best, and most of them have been successful in their inter-school competitions, but all have been more successful in carrying out the principle for which they stand. Our clubs and debating societies have all been a fine credit to our school life. Our opponents have always been fair and clean and deserve our thanks. Many events have taken place in our year, all of which you will find recounted in the pages of this volume. May we thank at this point all those who have contributed to the musical part of our Morning Assembly. This has been much appreciated by the student body.

We have certainly enjoyed our Matric. year, and we hope that our successors will do as well both academically and athletically as we have done. May they find interest and enjoyment in their school activities.

With the publication of this Annual comes the end of an active year. The magazine has reverted to the former style of printing; we hope you will appreciate it. May you find in its pages many enjoyable recollections. May the memory of rugby games be revived and with them the plays and debates to which you have listened this year.

But now we must study for the inevitable things—exams. We wish you the greatest success and luck.

—The Editor.

Beatrice Hastings
Margaret Bawden
Joyce Dixon
Hilda Browne
Peggy Bartle
Denise Thompson
Helen Cameron
Isla Tuck
Etta Cowan
Mary Gibson
Helen Ross
Joyce Dickson
May Lore
DIV. ONE
Lovisa Jansen
Joan Pears
Marjorie Morris
Bertha Darby
Leah Chow
Gladys Schroëder
Lucy Shaw
Mildred Wright
Lynda Langdale
Betty Smedley
Enid Hughes
Winnie Waites

Division One

ETTA COWAN

Etta is one of our beautiful blondes. She looks very innocent but . . . ?

HELEN ROSS

To what happy accident do we owe so unexpected a visit, Helen? She thinks "wherefore waste my elocution on impossible solution?" Therefore she has dropped Maths.

MARJORIE MORRIS

Our platinum blonde with the still (?) small (?) voice. A member of Portia, and she also helped to represent the Div. in the Play.

PEGGY BARTLE

"Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?" In spite of this great ability we couldn't get along without Peggy.

MAY LORE

Although she attends two schools, she always finds time for sports and homework. We wonder how she does it.

LEAH CHOW

She is skilled in knowing how to hide her ability. It shows up, however, when the exams come round.

HILDA BROWNE

Hilda believes in the revival of learning before the exams. "It is not wise to be wiser than necessary."

JOYCE DICKSON

Joyce is one of our tennis stars and is an excellent all-round student. Chemistry and Latin hold no terrors for Joyce.

'She'll be a credit till us a'
We'll a' be proud o' Joyce."

HELEN CAMERON

An active member of Portia who was one of the team which defeated the Beta Delta. She seldom speaks but when she does she holds the floor.

LUCY SHAW

Lucy is one of our quiet (?) members and is seldom heard except in Room 23. She helps Mildred lose locker keys.

BEATRICE HASTINGS

Although she is the smallest and youngest girl in the class, she is, without a doubt our brain-wave. Captain of the class basketball and baseball teams, a tennis enthusiast and on the girls' hockey team, she certainly is a good sport.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all she knew."

BERTHA DARBY

Our jolly prefect who knows that
"Be good and you'll be happy.
But you'll miss a lot of fun."
And as she loves fun, she does the obvious thing.

MARY GIBSON

One of our budding Latin and Math. students, as well as other things. No sawdust there.

GLADYS SCHROEDER

A member of Div. 1's illustrious trio and also our reporter. She excels in everything, especially Latin (1), and can be seen walking sedately (?) through the halls with Joan and Lucy.

JOAN PEARS

Joan is certainly one of those people who have the knack of securing eighties and nineties. She is an active member of the Students' Council, ex-secretary of Portia and, oh yes, she was in the Matric Play. Joan, how do you do it?

DENISE THOMPSON

One of our quieter members. Not much is heard from "Dennie" but she will be there when needs be. She finds that "a school girl's work is never done."

LOVISA JANSEN

Our great pianist whose music is often heard in the Assembly. In Portia she "flings wise words to the multitudes."

MARGARET BAWDEN

It is remarkable how such a quiet girl can so solemnly take the part of "Mrs. Blow."

JOYCE DIXON

A wizard at Geometry. She entertained us with her cockney accent in the Play.
"Tuck up yer skirts, gurls, we'll 'ave to run."

MILDRED WRIGHT

Our budding musician (in the Orchestra). She also manages to make a large amount of noise by more or less musical means (in class). The loudspeaker of Div. 1.

ENID HUGHES

She certainly has her fair share of brains and usually acts beyond reproof but—
"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl."

LOIS ROSS

We discover that accidents will happen in the best of regulated lives. Billy, our latest member, from the States, seems to have more than her share.

ISLA TUCK

The unfortunate young lady who usually arrives just in time to be too late.
"Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes."

LYNDA LANGDALE

President of Div. 1.
"O, your brown eyes, your low replies,
A great enchantress you may be."

BETTY SMEDLEY

Notre petite chanteuse who nobly upholds the reputation of the class in the Choir.
"Good things often come in small packages."

JOSEPHINE ENGLEHART

One of our very fortunate partials whom we envy when she turns in at the Library instead of Room 4.

WINNIE WAITES

Always seen with Lynda.
"Strongest minds are often those of which the noisy world hears least."

Division Two

GORDON AARONSON

Alias "Toughy." He is small but handsome (in his little way) and appears to get along well with most of his teachers.

CYRIL AXHORN

A pudgy little fellow, but he has a good heart, and taken all around he's a pretty good student.

ARTHUR BANFIELD

A red-headed little lad, but he appears to be dffierent from the usual line of red-heads as he is very quiet and reserved.

HAROLD ATTWELL

It is rumored that Harry has a Ford. When it goes he may be seen coaxing it up the school (or any other) driveway.

T. BABA

Not so big but plenty of brains. Baba will do big things when he leaves High, and we all wish him luck.

JOHN BARLOW

Johnny is one of our youthful tennis stars, and even though he does hail from Bamberton, he's not so dusty.

NORM FLORENCE

One of the beloved (?) prefects of our Div., and he can frequently be seen taking advantage of his position by meandering into the room two or three minutes after even the latest people are in and seated.

RAY GRIFFITHS

One of our flashy gym. men. That is not his only field, though; in class he achieves results which are satisfactory both to himself and his teachers.

JIMMY HAGGART

About the only place Jimmy shines is when he is on his motorbike and then—well, he's in his glory in a big way.

ED. HILL-TOUT

A shining light in the Arts to say nothing of the Sciences. This blond little fellow doesn't have to worry about the finals—at least, we hope not.

BILL HOLBORNE

The only other prefect in our Div., and he certainly rules with an iron hand over those poor, weak, innocent, little prelims.

WALTER HUGHES

A regular ladies' man. Tall, dark and dignified. If you see a tall shadow disappearing around a corner some sunny afternoon, it will probably be Wally.

STAN JEWKES

Stan hasn't been in our class very long, but even now he is a lot better than most of us. A great brain and in Miss M.'s room he stands out like a shining light among our feeble minds.

JOHN JEWSBURY

Another of those tall handsome young men of our Div. But John is also a good student, and we have a fair idea that he is not worrying very much about the June exams.

GEORGE LOWE

George is one of our flashy track stars, and can often be seen on the campus, training—hour after weary hour—hoping from the bottom of his heart that he will get a break in the finals.

GRANT MACDONALD

"That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Grant is very popular. His glistening locks and peach-bloom complexion would be worth a fortune to many a movie star.

John Barlow
Vic. Smith
Art Swannell
Primrose Mitchell
Norm Florence
Ian Strang
Ken Macdonald
Stan Jewkes
Grant Macdonald
Jimmy Haggart
Walter Hughes
DIV.
Stanley Murphy
TWO
Howard Vaio
Bill Holborne
Cyril Axhorn
Ed. Hill-Tout
James Temple
Gordon Aaronson
Charley Siddall
Harold Attwell
T. Baba
John Jewsbury
Bill Oliphant

KEN. MACDONALD

Just another of our budding musicians—in fact, quite a harmonica player—and in the Matric Play, well—"A poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more."

BOB McKEAN

"Bob" is one of Miss G.'s many admirers and is often heard raising his voice in protest against some of the work which she so kindly assigns to us.

BILL MacGILLIVRAY

"Mac," as he is styled by his friends, is another friend of our principal, and vies with Swannell for the record number of visits to the office.

JACK MILLER

Jack and Tom J. are seen together a great deal, especially when doing homework for Miss M. He also owns a motorbike and well . . . ? ? ?

STANLEY MURPHY

Stan shines most brightly in history and maths.—in fact, in History he is a close rival to Mr. Dee.

BILL OLIPHANT

Bill is hardly ever seen alone, as he is always in the company of How. Vaio. One of his favorite sports is putting away milkshakes over in the Drug Store.

DARRELL PRINGLE

Darrell's woolly locks are constantly being scratched, but he never seems to be able to secure answers that are relative to the questions. He gives the class many laughs in Miss G.'s room.

ELAINE ROWE

Elaine is the ravishing, dark-haired beauty of the class, and is the cause of many secret glances of admiration from some of its male members. Mr. W., deep down in his heart, fears for Elaine in Chemistry.

CHARLEY SIDDALL

"Chuck" is another favorite of Miss M. He is one of those people who always have their homework done—well, nearly always. He can frequently be heard quoting to himself, "Open my heart and you will see—graved inside of it 'home for me.' "

FRED STOKES

Fred is another of our gymnastically inclined children, and he amazed thousands of people in the gym. display. He has not yet decided just what to do about the June exams, but he's hoping.

IAN STRANG

Ian's favorite sport in English, French, Maths. (and a few others) is resting his pretty little head on his arm and—well—resting—"Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

ART. SWANNELL

Art is one of Mr. D.'s pets and is also another of those people who spend a great deal of time in the official meeting place of our renowned principal.

JAMES TEMPLE

James has a very fine sense of humor, and he and Swannell have some joyous times together in our French and English rooms.

HOWARD VAIO

Howard, alias "Maite," is another of our energetic track stars. Almost any P.T. period he may be seen out on the field training. Well, we hope that he is as good in school as he is in sports.

JACK WALLACE

Jack, although he is another of our musically inclined genii, spends much of his time throwing chalk about in the French room, for which he is rewarded generously at 3.15.

PRIMROSE MITCHELL

Although Primrose is only a poor partial, she toils to school every day to put in her little spoke in the wheel of great scholastic institution.

Art Hawkes
Harold Price
Les Gray
Wilmot Brown-Cave
Bill Herbert
Margaret Ross
Hubert Linnell
Art Davis
Mary Smith
Helen Mitchell
Ed. Bouldon
Bob Ferguson
Earl Hastings
Joe Awmack
DIV. THREE
Bill McPhee
Art Chapman
Bill Thompson
Bruce Brown
Ida Sharples
Elizabeth MacKenzie
Allan Pierce
Ray Gravlin
Bert James
Art Wright
Vic. Zala
Dick Batey
R.McIndoe
Cliff Messerschmidt
Harold Amphlett
Bill Atkins
Kunio Shimizu
Dick Gough
Edward Veach
Johnny Lo

VIC. SMITH

Vic. is another of our partials, and in his spare periods he may be seen pounding the pavement to his home, where he spends most of his time eating and sleeping and eating . . .

TOM JONES

Tom is a fiddler of note, and is generally fiddling his time away in the French room by turning and talking to the person sitting behind him—in fact, he is now thinking of installing a swivel chair in each room, as they are far more comfortable.

Division Three

HAROLD AMPHLETT

Can be found at any time not far from a certain Atkins. Always manages to find plenty to do in physics class (other than physics). Incidentally, one of our local lady-killers.

BILL ATKINS

A debonair young chap that looks studious (but only looks). Bill's grin makes people suspicious of some mischief, and they're not often disappointed.

JOE AWMACH

A tall quiet fellow that exists on science and maths. Very popular with teachers because of his marks.

DICK BATEY

Manages to cause a constant disturbance in Room 40, quite often coming out with a really bright remark. Has that baby-face look that keeps him out of range of suspicion. Has ambitions of showing France a new language.

BRUCE BROWN

Another lucky partial. Always ready to discuss anything mechanical or technical, from mikes to airplanes and chemistry.

WILMOT BROWNE-CAVE

One of those students who insist on having their homework done (just before 9 a.m.). "Brownie" is a master on the tennis courts, and we may expect to see big things from him in this line.

JOHNNY LO

Commonly known as "General." Has many bright ideas in maths., and took the prize for second year. Mr. Roper's pet.

ART CHAPMAN

It is rumoured that Art is a prefect, but no one seems to be sure. He is on every team, and has set some track and field marks that will last some time.

HAROLD PRICE

Harold is our chemistry wizard (?). Somehow manages to annoy every teacher in the school, but is very popular and a great sport.

ART DAVIS

Art is a real student. Has the quaint idea that schools are places where one acquires an education! Spends all his spare time with an English book, and actually seems to enjoy himself.

BOB FERGUSON

"Hath borne his faculties so meek,
Hath been so clear in his great office."

Bob is president of the Students' Council and deservedly one of the most popular students. Stars on the Rugby and football squads, and was the big hit of the gym. display.

DICK GOUGH

Really takes his duties as a prefect seriously. It is reported that Dick once sent an 'innocent" prelim to the bottom floor, but as yet has not confessed.

RAY GRAVLIN

Ably handled the leading role of the Matric play, although he seemed rather bashful in the "huddle" scenes. History is his favorite pastime, and he also revels in English.

LES GRAY

Our class president. Often seen loitering (?) around Room 40 shortly after 3.15. Can't understand why the French don't speak a respectable language.

BILL HERBERT

Alias "Bing," alias 'The Old Maestro." Local headline-hunter. Can give a good imitation of any radio star from Floyd Gibbons to Phil Harris. Is usually the centre of a disturbance in Room 27. Bill is looking after the sporting section of the "Camosun" this year.

EARL HASTINGS

Except that he is Mrs. Hastings' little boy Earl, no one seems to know much about him. Seems to enjoy his maths. periods. Amuses himself pinching books.

ART HAWKES

Div. 3's "super-ultra punster." Also noted for being a good sport and an excellent travelling reference library for Physics and Chemistry.

HUBERT LINNELL

Our science expert since prelim. days. Insists upon bringing science into English discussions. A budding Romeo.

ELIZABETH MacKENZIE

Our overworked (?) secretary. Simply dotes on French and English; instalment I of our social committee.

BOB MacINDOE

Apparently enjoys maths., if one may judge from his frequent visits to Room 18 (unless it's the view from the windows).

BILL MacPHEE

Another lucky partial. Very partial to physics. An interested member of the Modern History Club. A high and haughty Matric.

CLIFF MESSERSCHMIDT

One of these nearly eternal smilers; very potential in Mathematical knowledge (and instruments). On the side he is a crossword-puzzle fanatic.

HELEN MITCHELL

When one sees those curls and blue eyes of Helen's, he forgets he is in the classroom. "Partially" interested in Algebra.

ALAN PIERCE

Nearly another A. E. Houseman (in Latin), and besides a good old boy. Always looks like a much overworked Matric., but it is not generally believed to be the result of homework.

BILL VEACH

"The Red Menace." Very popular (just ask the girls), and another partial. An accomplished violinist.

MARGARET ROSS

Worked hard to make the class party a big success. A lot of students turned up to see if she was just dumb out of working hours. Second installment of social committee.

KUNIO SHIMIZU

"Shimmy" is far above the rest of the students, and thinks maths. a new kind of game.

MARY SMITH

Always has her homework done and sitting quietly (?) in her seat before the last bell.

IDA SHARPLES

Right next to Mary everywhere in the school. Very quiet and a hard worker.

BILL THOMPSON

Bill is very quiet in school, but a leading figure in sport. A budding genius for the 440 and high jump.

BILL WHITENER

Bill has introduced "floating power" into the classroom. He just "floats" effortlessly through until 3.15, but always ranks in the first five. A genius for general information, as he shows in English periods. When better excuses are made, Bill will bake them.

ART WRIGHT

Hawkes' right-hand man. Has a million-dollar smile and is very industrious.

VIC. ZALA

The boy with the powerful laugh. Not so bad in Lit. either.

ED. BOULDON

Our leading critic of jazz. Writes a very interesting composition. Another sheik.

BERT JAMES

Our broad-shouldered and handsome he-man. Has very little to say but enjoys listening to teachers.

MICKEY BIRD

Another first-rate tennis player. Loves French and History.

Division Four

MURIEL ANDERSON

"For she is of the quiet type—not frivolous or gay,
Yet stately grace doth make her one so rarely seen to-day."

JOE ANDREWS

Joe is our chemistry student, the only person we can rely on to hold together the shattered reputation of ours in that subject next June!

JOYCE APPLEGATE

"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair."
Our Joyce is always busy. She is a prefect, president of the Modern History Club and has climaxed this year's achievements by winning, with Linda, the inter-school debating championship. Another case of a good thing coming in a small package!

DOUGLAS BALFOUR

"Hoot, mon, do ye no' ken that your kilts are coming doon!" "Doug" is our class "plumber"; he also "pipes" for the 16th Scottish (and Mock Musical Festivals).

EVELYN BARKER

Evelyn conceals her knowledge except at exam. times!
"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye."
Good luck, Eve!

ISOBEL BARNES

Another one of our quiet "dreamers." Isobel shows us that a person can quietly dream and still be well liked.

NORMA BRAVENDER

A blue-eyed maiden with a cheerful smile. Norma is always ready to lend a helping hand to class-mates in distress. "Her smiling face shows never a frown."

HOWARD BUTLER

Howard hates grammar and girls, but mostly girls! He is a boy who "can steer straight for the open sea," ignoring the wicked sirens on the rocks.

MURIEL CHAPMAN

One of our greatest "static machines." Muriel is often heard scolding herself severely for mistakes in her French homework.

COLINE COCHRAN

Coline is a true agriculturist. She has the habit of digging up new roots in Algebra which are, unfortunately, just the wrong answers to Mr. A. Never mind, Coline, maybe the June Examiners like funny answers!

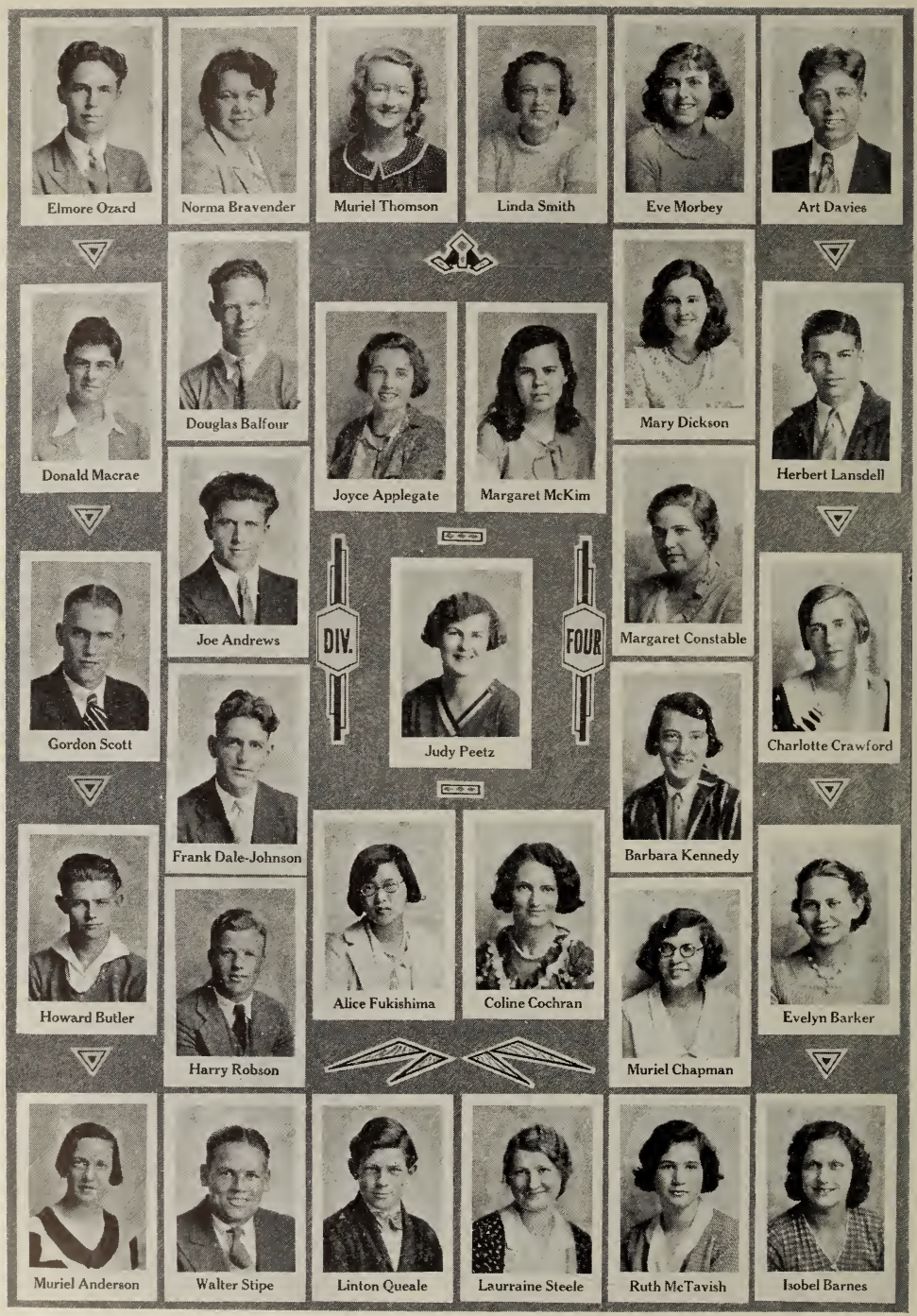
MARGARET CONSTABLE

"Her manner is shy, her air is meek,
And seldom she a word does speak."

CHARLOTTE CRAWFORD

"Oh, gentle maiden, tell me straight,
Why are you so often late?"

Charlotte is often seen running up the school walk at two minutes to nine. It is rumoured that she eats breakfast before going to bed at night in order to sleep longer in the morning.


Elmore Ozard
Norma Bravender
Muriel Thomson
Linda Smith
Eve Morbey
Art Davies
Douglas Balfour
Mary Dickson
Donald Macrae
Joyce Applegate
Margaret McKim
Herbert Lansdell
Joe Andrews
Margaret Constable
DIV.
FOUR
Judy Peetz
Gordon Scott
Charlotte Crawford
Frank Dale-Johnson
Barbara Kennedy
Howard Butler
Alice Fukishima
Coline Cochran
Evelyn Barker
Harry Robson
Muriel Chapman
Muriel Anderson
Walter Stipe
Linton Queale
Laurraine Steele
Ruth McTavish
Isobel Barnes

FRANK DALE-JOHNSON

Frank is a good Rugby player, but in studies he still gets Agriculture mixed up with Chemistry. He believes that an oxide is a cow's hide only tougher.

ART DAVIES

"He walks among untrodden ways."
Art is truly a musician. He dwells on the realms of Schubert and Schuman rather than with Mr. A. in Algebra. Never mind, Art, you didn't want to be a great mathematician anyway, did you?

MARY DICKSON

Mary is our class secretary. She very creditably took the part of "Fanny," the heroine in the Matriculation play. She also headed Division 4 in the Easter exams.

"I like to work, I really do,
But I like a little nonsense too."

ALICE FUKISHIMA

Our little maid of the East. A sweet disposition and a good all-round student. Success to you, Alice!

BARBARA KENNEDY

Barbara is another "stern keeper of the law" and is often seen keeping erring Prelims. on that straight and narrow path. Nevertheless, Barbara is a good student and is well liked by everyone.

HERBERT LANSDELL

He sleeps among a pile of books,
Which all about him range,
The only time he moves each day
Is when the classes change!

MARGARET MacKIM

Another member of the Division who believes that silence is golden. Often found delving deeply into the mysteries of Algebra.

DONALD MACRAE

Another boy whose growth has gone to his head! He dwells high in the ranks of the division acquiring marks which always discourage "les outres." Oh well, you deserve them, Don!

RUTH MacTAVISH

Another president Div. 4 has the honour of having in its midst. Ruth has presided over Portia during the second term and has greatly aided this club to achieve success.

Witty, peppy, full of fun,
Ruth is liked by everyone.

WILLIAM MILLS

Mills is our walking encyclopedia in French and English, but not so strong in Algebra. Never mind, old boy, we all covet your ability in the languages.

EVE MORBY

"I like work, it fascinates me, I can sit and look at it for hours."
Our wee Scottish lass! Delights in arriving at school with her homework all done! ? Nevertheless, Eve is rare, Eve is fair, and Eve is wondrous bonnie.

ELMORE OZARD

Elmore is a potential Frenchman. He takes special French lessons from Miss S. Il faut dire que M. Ozard ecrioait ses lecons avec ardeur pour la belle Mmle. S. He is Camosun reporter for our div.; a veteran prefect, and most important of all, Elmore is a father to lost and homeless prelims!

JUDY PEETZ

Another popular prefect and past president of Portia. Judy is an excellent sport, a good student and has made a host of friends in the school during her stay.

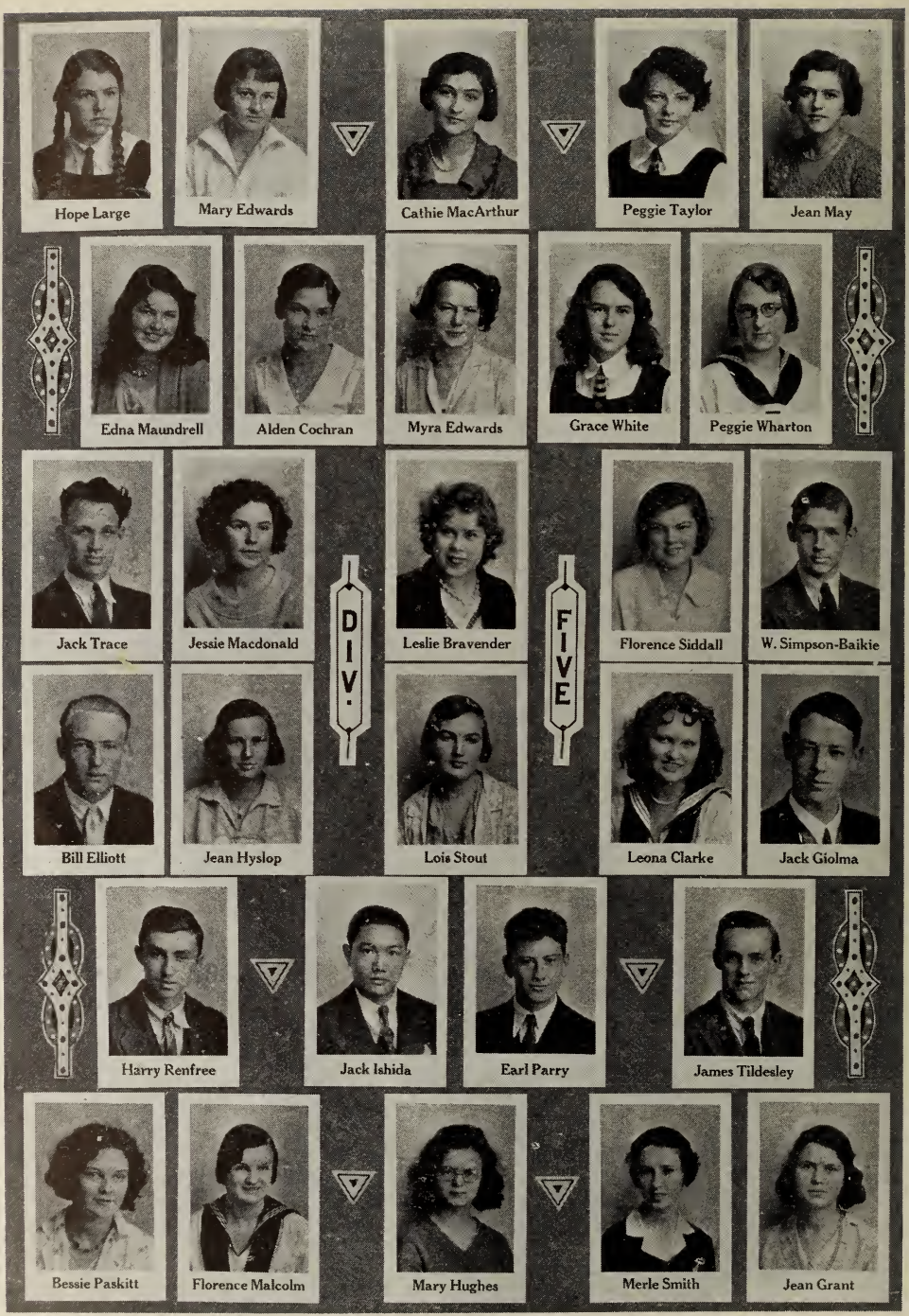
LINTON QUEALE

Don't worry if your marks are small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you!

HARRY ROBSON

"Oh I am cook and captain bold
And mate of the Div. 4 brig."

Our class president and class jester. Harry has been a prefect for two years and has also distinguished himself on the Rugby field and in the gymnasium.


Hope Large
Mary Edwards
Cathie MacArthur
Peggie Taylor
Jean May
Edna Maundrell
Alden Cochran
Myra Edwards
Grace White
Peggie Wharton
Jack Trace
Jessie Macdonald
DIV.
Leslie Bravender
FIVE
Florence Siddall
W. Simpson-Baikie
Bill Elliott
Jean Hyslop
Lois Stout
Leona Clarke
Jack Giolma
Harry Renfree
Jack Ishida
Earl Parry
James Tildesley
Bessie Paskitt
Florence Malcolm
Mary Hughes
Merle Smith
Jean Grant

GORDON SCOTT

A partial, extremely partial! Has the habit of staying home between spare periods! When at school is very valuable on the Rugby team and Students' Council.

LINDA SMITH

"Talk and the class talks with you,
But you stay after school alone."

Never mind, Linda, we are proud of the talking you did with Joyce to win us the inter-school debating championship.

LAURRAINE STEELE

"Despair ye not,
She is not dead but sleepeth."

"Babe" has the habit of slumbering serenely through the most "thrilling" grammar lessons. She sleeps only to waken and find the class and Capt. B. gazing at her in astonishment.

WALTER STIPE

Let me have wine and women,
Mirth and laughter.
Sermons and sodas the day after!

It's a good thing Walt. is a partial, he needs some sleep!

MURIEL THOMPSON

With her hair so golden, her eyes so blue,
We count her as a friend most true.

Muriel is a popular athlete. She wields a wicked racquet and in field events on sports days can flash by the winning tape in splendid form.

Division Five

LESLIE BRAVENDER

Our only blonde menace—her voice is "like the stars had when they sang together." Leslie is going in for radio singing—at last CFCT will be on the map!

LEONA CLARKE

There are rumors that she is a stern prefect—we really can't believe this when we see her shy smile.

ALDEN COCHRAN

A partial student who can really say—
"Happy am I, from care free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

MARY EDWARDS

Makes use of her skill in Maths. in the cafeteria at noon.

MYRA EDWARDS

With that wee high-pitched sneeze she will soon have to say—
"Defend me from my friends,
I can defend myself from my enemies."

BILL ELLIOTT

A brilliant Geography student who also takes Latin, but—
"Si haec faciat, bene sit."

JACK GIOLMA

Popularly known as the prefect with the "impressive walk." Jack holds the honorable position of class president and took the part of the learned Dr. Freemantle in the Matric. play.

JEAN GRANT

"As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In thy heart forever."

JEAN HYSLOP

Our Titian Mathematician. "Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand."

MARY HUGHES

Mary's ability as an actress was shown to advantage as Aunt Alice in the Matric. play. Besides being an ardent member of the choir, an accomplished musician and a talented artist, Mary finds time to top the class.

JACK ISHIDA

A star Rugby and baseball player, and we have heard rumors that he made a hole in one (not on a miniature course, either).

HOPE LARGE

Has lately become one of Portia's leading orators. She "speaks as one fed on poetry," with a faint touch of classic humour.—In Algebra? No hope!

FLORENCE MALCOLM

The younger of Lord Bantock's maiden aunts in the Matric. play, yet it is amazing how brilliant this dear old lady is at hockey!

EDNA MAUNDRELL

One of the quietest members of our class. "Silence is more musical than any song."

JEAN MAY

At the end of school we'll follow thee
To the gateway of the Jubilee.

JESSIE MACDONALD

Captain of our baseball team, vice-president of our gym. team and—oh well, you've guessed it, Jessie goes in for sports. Watch out if you play tennis!

CATHIE MacARTHUR

"What shall I say? What can I say
That will this maiden's charm portray?"

EARL PARRY

The flaming youth of the Div. "like a pale martyr in his 'cap' of fire."

BESSIE POSKITT

Is one of those students who always manages to get 90 per cent in history!

HARRY RENFREE

Hear his pitiful cry—"Oh why should life all labor be!" Head of the Public Speaking Committee—has been unsuccessful in his attempt to squash Trace.

FLORENCE SIDDALL

"Pud" surely gets a kick out of life, especially now that she doesn't take Latin.

MERLE SMITH

Our petite biology. We just can't imagine her viciously carving cats, etc.!

LOIS STOUT

A perfect prefect in every way
To command prelims. and see they obey.

PEGGIE TAYLOR

Our popular "Camosun" reporter who takes a great interest in school life. Besides being on the Council and a member of Portia, she has found time to take part in the Matric. Play and carry out her duties as a prefect.

JAMES TILDESLEY

Has come to us of late from University School. There he was a famous athlete but had the misfortune to meet with an accident.

"He now hops about with a gait devout,
At 'scholarly meetings' he never is out!"

JACK TRACE

"What-a-Man" Trace, King of Jazz. As head of the Music Committee he has endeavoured to make us sing at our work; wish we all had his sense of humor!

PEGGIE WHARTON

Bessie's chief history rival! Another quiet member, but we have caught her laughing in Room 38.

GRACE WHITE

President and accompanist of the choir.
"She loved art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A."

WILLIAM MAGNUS SIMPSON-BAIKIE

Our hyphenated intelligentissima. The light that never fails except in Room 15. We look with anguish towards the door to see if he has survived one of his chemistry experiments.

Division Nine

HELEN ANDERSON

Tall, dark and sporty is our partial, Helen. She is a great aid to our baseball team.

MARGARET AWMACK

This clever partial is always present with her work, and never seems to be late We sure like the way she draws in autographs.

EVELYN BAXTER

Our Evelyn is one of those rare individuals who thrives on books—but are they school books? We'd all like to know the joke that exists between Doris B. and Evelyn in Room 32.

DORIS BENNETT

This one of three Dorises is in her element when in typing, and we believe that she will soon prefer typewriters to aeroplanes for speed. Her insuppressible giggle is adored by teachers (?).

EDNA BLIGHT

We've often wondered why Edna never returns to teachers after school, even when the others have to—apparently dimples have charms.

EDNA BOURNE

We often wonder what causes that amused twinkle in Edna's eyes. We recommend her as a necessity to every dull division.

DOREEN CAMPBELL

Doreen is another partial who is certainly persevering when Arithmetic is concerned.

HELEN CLAGUE

In the midst of a breathless silence that follows, what seems to us hopelessly twisted history questions, our Helen's fair hand is the only one seen. She is our future Lily Pons, for this popular student is our only choir representative.

BETTY COWDREY

Our Peter Pan—when will she ever learn to grow up? Let us hope that she never will, for we like her just as she is. Betty is as clever as she is tiny, so we say, "She is little, she is wise, she's a wonder for her size."

BEATRICE DICKENS

This dark-eyed damsel is certainly not lacking where the brains are concerned. She is quiet and liked by everyone. Good luck, Beatrice.

JEAN EARL

Another lucky partial. She is so quiet that we are thinking that it is "too good to be true."

MARGUERITE ELLIOTT

Our stern Mrs. Bennet of the Matric. play. We sure envy Marguerite, for she has that elusive power of concentration—even in business filing!

INA ERB

Although not surpassing in any one subject, Ina manages to get through in all of them quite favorably. We wish you best in June, Ina.

NORMA FERRIS

Hurrah for our Norma! She is secretary of the Students' Council, a good sport, exceedingly clever, popular with both sexes, and one of those persons who make life worth living. At the rate she is going, Norma will make a great success of life

Ina Erb
Ruth Rogers
Gwen Fuggle
Marjorie Jeatt
Norma Ferris
Edna Bourne
Marguerite Elliot
Daphne Hale
Edna Messerschmidt
Doris Bennett
Doris Roskelley
Margaret Awmack
Beatrice Dickens
Betty Cowdrey
Ruth Haynes
DIV.
NINE
Helen Clague
Evelyn Baxter
D.H.Hundleby
Clara Lee
Margaret Lambie
Jenny Zarelli
Frances Pollard
Annie Horocholin
Ruth Pedlingham
Yaeko Henmi
Cyril Weller
Olive Jordan
Edna Blight
Eiko Henmi
Kirby Gent

GWEN FUGGLE

Our class president—another reason why "gentlemen prefer blondes." She has popularity plus brains, and does she make us toe the mark!

KIRBY GENT

Kirby is the cause of many of our arithmetic teacher's grey hairs, for he is our eternal query. His favorite phrase when told to go to the board and illustrate some problem is, "I don't know how to do that." Nevertheless, he is the cause of much diversion in this div.

DAPHNE HALE

We wish to say that when you fall for this tall maiden's smile, you fall hard. Daphne is another of our artists who does not seem to get much praise from the teachers for her efforts.

RUTH HAYNES

Ruth is our star debater. We believe that her ability to debate on "The Advantages of No Homework" is unexcelled. We are all with you, Ruth.

EIKO HENMI

What wouldn't we give to own the intellect this dark-eyed damsel has in English. We certainly envy her agreeable disposition.

YAEKO HENMI

Everybody seems to have a real friend in Yeako. She is kind and considerate to everyone—especially when asked for a loan of her bookkeeping.

ANNIE HOROCHOLIN

Annie's golden locks are the envy of the girls of this div. What wouldn't we give for one of them to keep as a souvenir of the "good old school days." Her favorite subject, we believe, is history (?).

MARJORIE JEATT

If you want to learn to be quiet, concentrating and clever, appeal to Marjorie to help you. She is such an attentive individual that she can even go through a history period without looking out of the windows. Who could ever imagine it?

OLIVE JORDAN

Our "Judy" in the Matric. play. She is Div. 9's bookkeeping genius, and it may be said that she is one of our best students.

MARGARET LAMBIE

Another of our partials. How we envy her when we have a double dose of Arithmetic.

CLARA LEE

While the rest of us sit in Room 32 nibbling our pens over debits and credits, Clara just smiles—for her books always balance. A regular good sport is Clara.

EDNA MESSERSCHMIDT

Edna is the receiver of Edna B.'s mental telepathy during bookkeeping periods. Her favorite hobby is obtaining impossibly high percentages.

DORIS McCAGHEY

Doris is the gal who can take shorthand dictation at what seems to be an incredible speed. She is Doris R.'s counterpart, and when they decide to clean their locker, you should see the fun!

RUTH PEDLINGHAM

Ruth is our budding artist! She has the great gift of drawing, but, alas, "a flower blushes unseen," for funny though it seems, teachers don't seem to appreciate it She also takes an executive part in Portia.

FRANCES POLLARD

If you see Ruth R. you know that Frances isn't far off. Her favorite ditty is—

"O where, O where has my locker key gone,
O where, O where can it be?"

RUTH ROGERS

We really do believe that Ruth is teacher's pet. Practically every afternoon she returns to one classroom or another to attend a pink tea. However, Ruth doesn't seem to appreciate their kindness. We wonder why?

Hazel McCall
Muriel Farrell
Lillian Toye
Robert Price
Hazel Gaffin
Lorne Ritchie
Vivian Hannan
Muriel Raine
Mary Halket
Phyllis Ball
Lillian Laird
DIV. TEN
Gertrude Muckle
Helen Mitchell
Brenda Carter
Dorothy Gibbs
Robert Beggs
Ida Truran
Hazel Sargison
Priscilla Whitlaw
Charles Jordon
Margaret Garratt
Dorothy Lowe
Gladys Veale
Lillian Fry
Douglas Ritchie
Audrey Baird
Albert Stenberg
Jean Smith
Myrtle Lyle
Gertrude Hellier

DORIS ROSKELLY

Our prefect. She is Div. 9's speedy typing genius, and people seem to know of her ability in this subject, for she is always typing notes for someone. The only time Doris' gray matter fails to work is in bookkeeping period, from where her sighs can be heard in the next room.

CYRIL WELLER

Mysteries of Arithmetic! Weller can do in his head problems which most of us fail to do on paper. It is even rumored that he adds figures in his sleep.

LESLIE WHEELDON

A lucky partial is he. We see very little of Les, but from what we know of him, he knows his "onions."

JENNY ZARELLI

Our modest Jenny is one of the quietest members of this div., yet we know she's present with her gentle humor. The best of luck in June, "Shenny."

Division Ten

AUDREY BAIRD

"Aud" is a great pal of Phyllis'. She has a feeling similar to fifty per cent of V.H.S. "O that a man might know the end of this day's business ere it come! But it sufficeth that the day will end, and then the end is known."

PHYLLIS BALL

Phyllis' main source of amusement is in the typing room, but when she enters Room 32 her motto is "Silence is golden."

ROBERT BEGGS

Robert offers a splendid contrast for the rest of the boys. His English marks are the envy of us all. He has won "Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

BRENDA CARTER

We are unable to find Brenda's particular failing, unless it is climbing from Room 46 to third floor. However, she is repaid by seeing a certain interesting character (?).

MURIEL FARRELL

Muriel is another of our quiet members—sometimes. Her greatest weakness is throwing broad hints to those who take up too much room around her locker. Good luck.

LILLIAN FRY

Lil is small in stature but precious things come in small packages (so does poison). Nevertheless she's a good sport.

JESSAMINE FRYER

Jessamine is one of our partial members—when she's at school. Her greatest fault is forgetting to bring her excuse for being absent.

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind."

MARGARET GARRATT

Marg's motto is, "What you don't know, make up"; but she's a good kid and well liked.

DOROTHY GIBBS

She is one of the few girls of our division who isn't always talking. We wish her the best of luck in June.

HAZEL COFFIN

Another of our partial students. During her spare periods she is engaged in accumulating knowledge in the library.

MARY HALKET

A character woven of threads of gold which will lift her to the heights where'er she may be, whate'er she may do. Bon voyage.

VIVIAN HANNAN

"Viv" shares Myrtle's jokes. She is our popular baseball captain, and made a capable representative on Sports Day.

GERTRUDE HELLIER

The "brain prodigy" (?) can usually be seen wandering around with a dim far-away look in her eyes, waiting for the bell to ring.

CHARLES JORDAN

"A budding minor, young and fair,
He trots around without a care."

"Chuck" is a good sport and provides a source for much amusement. A lover of homework.

LILLIAN LAIRD

Another flaming youth of our division. Lil made a splendid "Irish chorus girl" in the Matric. play. In Arithmetic periods we are often convinced that she is teacher's pet (?).

DOROTHY LOWE

Dorothy is so quiet that we are seldom aware of her presence, but she works hard and is sure to do well in June.

MYRTLE LYLE

Myrtle has a keen sense of humor and can usually find something to amuse her for a period or so. She is an all-round good sport.

HELEN MITCHELL

"Now there is a young lady, Miss Mitchell,
Who's certainly no relation of "Winchell,"
And though lacking in tongue,
She is loved by everyone,
For her heart is gold, not tinsel."

GERTRUDE MUCKLE

"Giggling Gertie." When Gert starts mumbling her answers (especially in history), she keeps us in fits, but she ought to go far with a laugh like that.

HAZEL McCALL

"So soft, so calm, so eloquent
The smile that wins."

Hazel belongs to the silent corps of Division 10. She works hard, and after all that is what counts—in June.

ROBERT PRICE

"A loud laugh speaks the vacant mind." This lad surely has a loud laugh but we fail to see any vacancy in his mind. Good luck, Bob, in all your undertakings.

MURIEL RAINE

We all envy this lassy because she is excused at two minutes to twelve every noon hour. Wherever Muriel is, Mary can be found.

DOUGLAS RITCHIE

Doug is our secretary. A side-kick of Chucks. We don't think Doug is as shy as he acts in class. Good luck, Doug.

LORNE RITCHIE

Lorne makes quite a hit with many of the girls. He brought honors to the class in the recent track meet. Lorne is also our Camosun reporter in his spare moments —which are few. Adios.

HAZEL SARGISON

Div. 10's "stenog."—an expert at Shorthand and Typing. A credit to V.H.S. We expect to hear much of Hazel in the future.

JEANNE SMITH

Jeanne's only bad habit is talking. We all agree she would make a good orator. Having a good sense of humor, she is always the first to "catch on" to a joke. We hope these characteristics will enable her to make good in the world.

ALBERT STENBERG

(Alias Eloff). Albert's mind often wanders from little things like typewriters to deadly weapons.

"No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old."

LILLIAN TOYE

Another quiet member, but that's no drawback to her. This fair lady is so busy listening that she has no time for gossip.

IDA TRURAN

Quiet in school—but we wonder at 3.15. Ida is able to concentrate, which is a big help. Lots of luck.

GLADYS VEALE

Gladys' weakness is watching the scenery on Camosun Street during History periods. "Better to be a little wise than in knowledge to abound."

PRISCILLA WHITLAW

"Cleopatra" is our president. She is well known around the classrooms because of her dry humour and the ability to get a "kick" out of a joke at the expense of others. We would give our life to know how she pulls her face straight when the teacher turns around.

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Class Notes

DIVISION I.

We're Division I but—

"Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream."

However, we have our brilliant students who cure that sinking feeling in Geometry and absolute bewilderment of Algebra. The class, as a whole, has given up practically all hope of obtaining that abnormally high per cent required in our Latin Grammar "tests." After studying with them for three long years, some members of the class still find difficulty in naming our Joyces. The last name is not spelt exactly the same, but still, what's one letter? Division I is represented in the Choir, Orchestra, Students' Council, School Hockey Team and Portia. Will the class ever forget the words, "Pass the papers, please?"

DIVISION IV.

"Alas, regardless of their doom, the little victims played!"

We are the "Aggies" and "Bies." After spending two seasons on these two subjects one cannot pass a cow or a horse without feeling a kindred relationship and a complete understanding of all their troubles. We cannot pass a plant, shrub or tree without stopping to realize how these little things have struggled for existence.

Alas! how melancholy we feel. Is it because we feel sorry for these little creatures? Are our heart-aches present because we have noticed a poor struggling buttercup among the rocks? No! This heart-broken and crest-fallen attitude is caused by the thoughts of our own approaching struggle. Exams on the 20th of June. We are the defenceless dumb little animals. How we all shrink from the thoughts of heartless examiners gloating over our mistakes. Woe is ours!

With sad, thin faces, the members of Division IV wait, and wait, and wait!

DIVISION VI.

Division VI is a general division, captained by Harold Grey. Although the class has not distinguished itself as a whole in any way, many of the members have won individual honours. George Wellburn came out on top in the High School Gala, and we have great hopes for Grey, who was last year's tennis champion. The class is a great badminton and tennis group, Grey, Hodgson, Hurdle and Lauder were on the badminton team. Grey and

Hodgson made the tennis team, and many of the members of the class play either or both of these games. In ending I might say that the room is a regular "he-man's" paradise, there being but two females. Well, here's mud in your eye, Division VI. —Don Taylor.

DIVISION VII.

Our motto: "Never do to-day what you can put off 'till to-morrow."

V.H.S.'s official weed diggers. Artists with the Dutch-hoe. For references apply H. O. English.

We do our homework so well that, in the words of Mr. H - - - -, "if you come again with your homework done like this I'll break a window."

Inmates of our "Art Colony" are going quite Bohemian these days. We soon expect to see them strolling around the campus sporting smocks, berets and flowing Byronic ties. We sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidity. —Q. E. D.

DIVISION VIII.

Esther Pimm and Judith Wiles are very friendly. They are so quiet that we wonder how they entertain each other.

Corby is our star orator. He is a leading speaker in the Beta Delta Society, and anywhere else he happens to be.

Doug. Peden—Doug's favourite exercise is word-building. He is easily first in this mental exercise.

Williams is the dispenser of succulent, sugary morsels in the cafeteria. We all envy him when he stalks out of the room at first bell.

Murray Patrick is a good all-round student. He possesses both athletic and mental ability.

Ed. Johnson never gets his real baptismal title. He is called "Sam" after the famous lexicographer.

Art Leason's favourite subjects are Algebra and Latin.

Mae Montagne, Doreen Petherbridge, Doreen Lougheed and Eleanor Aaronson are all models of propriety.

Jones—We miss Jones very much. He was a brilliant member of our division. We hope he will soon be back again.

Peggy Brindle is the senior girls' champion in athletics. What do you think of Peggy's chances for the next Olympic Games?

Alan McGregor is the nautical member of our division. He is a full-fledged warrant officer. Ship ahoy!

Who is it that is sweet as a breeze
From ocean or mountain-tops high?
Who can be solemn or tease
Like a judge or any magpie?
Who can the roof lift with a sneeze?
Why Anne, Anne of the hazel eye!

DIVISION IX.

Under the presidency of Gwen Fuggle, Division IX has had a very successful year. In the annual inter-class typing contest, our team managed to secure the banner. We were also well represented in the Matric. play and Portia. M. Elliot took one of the leading parts, that of "Mrs. Bennet," while others taking part were R. Pedlingham, O. Jordan and D. Roskelley. R. Haynes won the cup in the Portia-Modern History Debate, and also won the prize for the oratorical contest. In this issue of the Camosun you will be delighted with E. Henmi's description of "Fuji Yama," for which she won first prize.

Throughout the year the popularity of N. Ferris and D. Roskelley has been outstanding. Norma is secretary of the Students' Council, and has proved herself to be a very efficient secretary. Doris was appointed prefect in September, and as she is the only Commercial prefect, we feel justly proud that she is from our division.

On Thursday, May 12, we held a practical business period. Never was business run so efficiently, except for the harassed looks of some managers, the puzzled brows of bookkeepers and the general bungling of entries.

The best of luck from Division IX to everyone writing exams. in June!

DIVISION X.

"We'll honour yet the school we knew,
The best school of all;
We'll honour yet the rule we knew
Till the last bell call."

Good old Division X—last but not least. We are constantly reminded of our lack of brains in English and our lack of energy in Arithmetic, but a giggle from Myrtle and a "beg pardon, sir" from Price enables us to weather the storm.

Our class party, which was held at the home of Brenda Carter, was a great success. Encouraged by this success the girls entered a choir in the Mock Music Festival, and although it was not quite as good as the school choir, Mr. Tupman said that a great future lay before them. We are still wondering if he was referring to their voices.

Though we have been deprived of our gym. periods, we are doing well in sports. The girls' baseball team is making its way towards the league finals. Although the boys are all good athletes, they have found it impossible to enter inter-division sports because of their small number. A large number of the class have shown great interest in tennis. Our star athletes are Vivian Hannan, Myrtle Lyle and Gertie Hellier amongst the girls, and Lorne Ritchie and Chuck Jordan of the boys.

In conclusion may we say that, in spite of the fact that we give our teachers heartburn, we hope we will all give good accounts of ourselves and always be a credit to Victoria High.

DIVISION XI.

Vic. Rawlings likes the V.H.S. so much that when 3:15 arrives he doesn't want to go home, so he stays until 4 o'clock.

Myra Oliphant is our prize geometry student. She wields a mean compass.

Elvin Gower can juggle brackets and "nth" degrees like nobody's business. His possibilities are yet unknown quantities.

Hing Hope is our A1 student. In fact, he is so bright we have agreed to call him "Sunny."

Irene Brockington will probably be a political speaker when she grows up. Take the platform, Irene.

Neil Butler has quite a leaning toward rodents. He certainly can handle mice like a master. He boasts that only on two occasions have mice escaped.

Jack Barnes probably never tied a string around his finger. He rarely remembers his Algebra text.

Ovila La Londe is our budding poet and historian. We expect to see a nice thick history with his name on the cover. It won't matter much—most of us will have graduated by that time.

Ben Gibson is our star sprinter. He claims he can do the "440" in nothing flat with a bear behind him.

Alison Smith is Division XI's interrogation mark. Why? Who knows?

Phyllis Benson finds the bringing of notes a necessary evil.

—J. Church.

DIVISION XII.

Our division has much musical talent. Our choir won first prize at the Mock Musical Festival. There was nothing to mock, however, in the excellent singing of our representatives.

Chapman is going to buy a ticket in the next Irish Sweepstake. His guesses are frightfully lucky(?).

Dennis Fairbairn, Gordon Hatt and Donald Beach belong to the Noble Order of Red Shirts. They look like blood-thirsty Bolsheviks.

Marjorie Unsworth and Esther Ford are the two mermaids of our class.

Peggy Higgs is our literary and journalistic prodigy. She edits, prints and publishes a wonderful magazine that would put to shame some more pretentious publications.

Jack Fraser's motto is "Je suis pret." Jack often forgets his family motto, as he is frequently discovered yawning heartily and audibly.

Roy Daniels is both poet and musician. He has written a poem that he has set to music.

Betty Hughes shines in the art of conversation. She can talk on nothing for an indefinite period.

Hazel McEwan and Mary Godfrey are examples of the strong, silent girls. They are quiet but very efficient.

Lois Macmurchie is very happy these days. Her brother, Don, has blossomed forth into literary authorship.

We wonder how Tom Leeming would tackle a good tough beefsteak. Would he resort to caveman methods and stuff it down his throat in chunks without the civilised method of chewing?

DIVISION XIII.

We of Division XIII are neither excessively clever nor excessively unruly. And being so, have no reputation to live up to, which is, let us tell you, very restful. But despite our mediocrity we have one or two shining lights.

Take Violet Cantwell, for instance, in all oral tests she is the victor, but unlike a victor does not require winding. However, to give the girl her due, she certainly is torrid material in Maths. and History.

The class is divided into two factions, those who take Agriculture and those who take Physics. The Agriculture students worship the ground Mr. English treads on, to appreciate the task one must see Mr. English. Anyway, he certainly knows his greens. None of us are absolutely sure of passing, but it is rumoured that some students are studying. However, it is probably just a rumour.

—H. D. Butler.

DIVISION XIV.

Twinkle, twinkle, Algebra,
How we wonder what you are;
Condescend to us your lore—
We do our best, we can't do more.

What is this thing intangible,
This demon who is never seen,
Who haunts each member of fourteen—
What is this Algebra?

For Sale Cheap—1932 eight-cylinder tech. class; eight musical horns, pulling as strong as when new, syncro-mesh homework system, four forward speeds and too backward, floating power, four-wheel brakes. Inquiries only after four o'clock. Ask the men who drive them. Room 18, Victoria High School.

For eight long months and many daze,
We've striven hard, oft in a haze,
And now we climb the last long hill,
So help us, we'll get safely through.

From half-past eight to four you'll find
Us busy with school ties that bind;
We've students dull, we've students keen,
Take note of us, we're Div. Fourteen.

DIVISION XV.

Hello everybody! This is Station DIV, department 15, speaking. At this time we would like to take the opportunity of reminding you of some of the special programmes that this station is now featuring. The morning starts off with the Cheery Programme, featuring that little Ray of Sunshine, C. Schemlz, followed by the Lost and Found News (chiefly Lost), which will bring to the mike B. McVey. Don't forget that new feature, "Fifteen Minutes of Happy Harmony with the Three Musketeers," introducing the Misses A. Bjornsfelt, M. Humphries and H. Stevens. "A Trip to Hollywood" brings before you J. O'Donoghue, D. Maynard and A. Clendennan, who will answer any questions you wish to send in on the lives of famous stars. The news of the day will be broadcast by our little loud-speaker, F. Gwilt, while the sleepy-time programme, featuring our Sleepy-Time Gal, M. Humphries, brings a soothing end to our list. That's all for today, folks. This announcement has come to you by the courtesy of the V.H.S. Camosun advertising department. Good-bye.

DIVISION XVI.

Joan Taylor, Clyde Banfield and Doug. Taylor are having one fast and furious race for the first place in class. May the best one win.

Dorothy Johnson ("Dumpy") is our class president. She is also another one of these fast girls on the track.

Kenneth Stanlake—A little boy with a flare for geometry, and can he spell! He even remembers to put the two "l's" in wool.

Doreen Beere, small but speedy when it comes to the track. She can surely show you a few things.

Jack Alexander ("The Great?"), our red-headed Romeo.

Marguerite Wilson, the maid with the gum complex. She can even chew gum without moving her facial muscles, but she can't fool Mr. Buck.

Veronica ("Wotta Woman") Stevenson, the class vamp; she surely rolls a wicked optic.

Are you self-conscious, shy, or a wallflower? Apply Sheila Sangster.

DIVISION XVII.

Of course Division XVII will admit there are some, yes, quite a few in fact, devout worshippers of the fair god, or dream god, called Morpheus. But, seriously speaking, Division XVII can turn out some very good work if (note the "if") they are inclined. Modern History seems to interest them very much, especially during the English period.

One of Mr. Dee's laments is the number of times his name occurs upon the report cards opposite our subjects, forming a string of D's, broken here and there with E's, which, when explained at home, are said to be excellents. Mr. Dee is our registration teacher and, being a good sort, tells us to alter, or the results of June will be a drastic massacre (or sumpthin).

Nevertheless the old division has a few bright satelites in the High School Heaven. Bill Levy, Albert Stevens, Frank Chamberlain and Alec Allen are members of the Boys' Band and accompanied the others to Vancouver, coming in second. Bill is our best athlete turnout in Division XVII. Poor old Albert Stevens got a tough break; while trying to scale a two-foot wall he fell and broke his shoulder bone and the arm above the elbow, but alack and alas it was the left arm (thus no excuse for not getting notes, etc.). Just the same our teachers are a good bunch of scouts, so: Hip! Hurrah! and three cheers for Miss McLeod, Mr. Dee, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Cumberbirch and Mr. Roper. (We must not forget those who teach us technical and work in iron and steel, who are Mr. Rippon and Mr. Anstey.) Now signing off to the next fellow . . . (Hope it is not Walter Winchell.)

DIVISION XVIII.

We strongly suspect that Pat English has some Irish blood in his veins. Here is an extract from his composition: "When the Duke of York was dead, he said . . . !"

Teacher—Embrey, why aren't you writing?
Embrey—Ain't got no pen.
Teacher—You ain't; why Embrey where's your grammar?
Embrey—She's dead, sir.

Teacher—I'm sorry to say that you got zero in your physics, Cole.
Cole—Why, sir, that means nothing to me.

DIVISION XIX.

Our Boys

(To be sung to the tune of "Three Blind Mice.")

Four poor boys, four poor boys,
See how they quake; they can't keep awake.
They button their coats up and straighten their ties,
Look out of the windows and up to the skies,
For twenty-eight girls are too much for their eyes—
Poor lonely boys!

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
So they always say:
That's why we love the teachers better
The days they stay away.

Mr. C. (in literature): "Give me your composition.
Dunn: "I haven't it."
Mr. C.: "Where is it?"
Dunn: "It isn't."
Mr. C.: "You stay in till it be."

DIVISION XX.

Our division is not winning many scholastic or athletic honours, but we are always sure of a moral victory over the teachers when asked to "show home-work."

Norma Blake—Our president and Student Council Rep. makes a hobby of reviewing history.

Ken Lawson—What this fellow can't do with a football or golf ball is almost impossible. Good luck, Ken.

Dorothy Hood—She's only small, but don't dare ask her to lend you her Arithmetic homework.

Clarence Kirchin—"Bud," our "Pro." wrestler and "man about town," is admired by certain fem. members for his blond hair.

Jenny Ward—Is our main girl athlete. But, strange to say, she's the only quiet one in Rm. 35.

Norman Gray—Has a habit of going to sleep in Law during the hot weather and when reproached is liable to reply: "I don't know whether it's the weather or whether it's not. But I'll have to weather it weather or not." And promptly returns to dreamland again.

Sid. McAllister—Our class secretary is another wrestler. He keeps in condition by carrying home school-books.

DIVISION XXI.

Division XXI again made the presentation of the individual cup to be retained as the personal property of the boy or girl attaining the highest marks in the Annual Swimming Gala, held in January last, the recipient being Miss L. Stokes. The original cup was first presented to the school in 1930 by Division XXI at that time registering with Miss G. Smith, and the presentation of the individual cup has been an added feature every year since.

Miss Hazel Ledson, a member of Division XXI, was successful in winning the Fountain Pen awarded by "The Phonographic Monthly" as a result of her perfect and neat transcription.

The girls of this Division acquitted themselves very creditably in the athletic field, the softball team having won a number of games. W. Bridge and B. Robertson, both members of the said team, made a very good showing at the Annual Sports Day, held on Friday, May 20, each winning second and third place in a number of events.

DIVISION XXII.

Do you want to know the latest?
'Cause if you really do,
We've got a dumb Reporter
In bright Div. 22.

The President is just as bad:
She's very slow and staid,
She hates to be the President
Because she isn't paid.

The Secretary gyps us all—
She's always wanting money.
At first the class was curious,
But now we think it's funny.

The Social Representatives,
We never hear from them—
The boy looks like a rooster,
The girl looks like a hen.

Our poor Sports Representatives
Have done us dirt, we think;
The only sport we'll ever get
Is drowning in the ink.

So now Div. 22 signs off:
I hope you've liked our ditty,
Of course, you know, we realize
It isn't very witty.

DIVISION XXIII.

Pull up your anchor, three and twenty,
We have been becalmed a-plenty;
Unfurl your sails and let us go,
Demonstrate just what we know.

Don't let others think we're dumb—
Each in a way can make a hum;
Mediocre we have been
But from now on—watch our steam!

Alexander Green has been greasing his tresses lately—we wonder who's the big attraction?

Florence Frazer is the livewire of our class—the source of all mischief.

Mary Bland is a good little president, but the poor child is in love—nuff sed.

Joan Mutton, collector of shekels—Joan is very quiet in school; maybe it's because she has a younger brother.

Ira Erb would make a charming Titania (?).

Catherine O'Hara—Camosun's reporter—O Catherine, such a conceit!

After a great deal of consideration our class has come to the conclusion that all teachers deserve a special place in heaven—if it's only for our sake!

DIVISION XXIV.

Janet Lambie is very insistent that the "b" in her name should be sounded.

Frances Donald brought honour to our division. She won first prize for the Musical Festival Poster.

Marcella Deane-Freeman holds the proud record of having never been absent all year.

Joyce Goggin is the mathematical genius of our class.

Jean McDonald often hears her name mentioned in class. She sometimes has to be awakened to her surroundings by a sharp word from some patient teacher.

Lorna Elliott is our budding orator. She may some day be a member of Parliament. Her class speeches were very instructive.

Mary Le Lacheur—As her name would indicate, Mary is our star scholar in French.

DIVISION XXV.

Song of Division XXV.

(To be sung to the tune of "Sweet Jenny Lee")

Div. 25,
The best alive,
They say—
Though when we're feeling gay
We're like a hive.
We do our work—
We never shirk (?)
You see;
We do our history
Without a quirk.
We've got musicians scattered here and there,
We've mathematicians with us everywhere,
We're all good sports,
At games;
We feel we've won good names
By our reports.

DIVISION XXVI.

Division XXVI views with regret the fact that the year draws to its close. On the whole we have enjoyed our first year at High and are sorry that Division XXVI as a class will soon cease to exist. For viewed as a part of the past even exams seem less disagreeable.

As our president, Jentie Moyes has proved popular, and Marshie Alexander has been an efficient secretary-treasurer, for she has collected our pennies, dimes and dollars and spent them we know not how.

Our Hallowe'en Dance was probably the most enthusiastically attended class party of the year and our hike bids fair to being a worthy successor.

We have been well represented in the various school activities. Dot Humphries has harangued thrice as Portia. Les Macdonald led a choir in the "Mock Festival." We feel that, had Pat Stipe risen to the occasion, she would have won the sack race. The first-year relay team drew three of its four members, namely Claudie Jesse, Gertie Browning and Ann Moyes, from our ranks. Claudia Jesse won great distinction by capturing the Junior Cup for sports.

We blush over some of our actions. We have passed the raspberries during History class and have at times dragged forth the family skeleton (or rather, skull) from the closet of the Science Room.

Thus we have played together and worked together. Is it a wonder that even the holidays and hope (slight, it's true) of promotion approaching, we express a feeling of loss that all this should end?

DIVISION XXVII.

The chief interest of the division this year has been in athletics. In Addison it has the fastest sprinter in the school, a runner who has won many points on the track and has starred as a Rugby three-quarter on the senior team. Gaunt has also done well in Rugby, and his mile race with Patrick was the most exciting race of the meet. Campbell and Taylor have done good service as forwards on Curtis & Cowichan Cup teams. The boys of the class reached the semi-finals of the Interclass Basketball League before they were beaten by larger boys in the senior divisions. The girls' chief sport is baseball. They are combined with Division 18 to make a team, and have been lucky enough to reach the finals, which are to be played shortly. The teachers are unanimous we are not the brainiest division in the School, but we are full of pep and originality, which may get us to the top some day—at least we hope so.

DIVISION XXVIII.

We're like the stars—we shine at night,
  When the toil of day is done;
But morning meets us pale and cold,
  Our labour rebegun.

We try to pay attention,
  And we strive to be polite,
Our teachers moan and groan and sigh
  And hold the floor by night.

All day we plod and worry,
  But we seldom kick at fate;
We're not dumb, but just dejected,
  We must absorb the things we hate.

DIVISION XXIX.

Fred Leighton is a master mathematician. Our children's arithmetic books will probably be written by him.

Jennie Chow is the most brilliant member of our division. She seems to persist in having 99 for a Latin mark—no more, no less.

Dave Tuck is our basketball captain. He plays well, but always has an accident.

Scott Maguire is always behind in his work. His classmates frequently get rich from bribes offered by him for the lending of history notes or help in Latin.

Betsy Sharp is always inclined to laugh when reciting such humorous passages as "The Passing of Arthur."

Frank Watson is such a nuisance that almost all the teachers have threatened to put him out, but his quick wit and humorous pranks have given his classmates many a laugh.

Jack Ferguson, Patty Rhodes and Barbara Wooley have been present and punctual this term.

DIVISION XXX.

Division XXX, being a technical class, has little time to devote to other interests of the School. However, because our course allows us to indulge in athletics and sport, we are to take part in the massed athletic display to be held in June. The mathematical star of our room is James Felds, and the first in aggregate marks in Charles Callow. Disregarding school work, we wish to announce that George ("Peewee") Harrisson holds the record for continuous talking, and "Soapy" Smith is our champion questioner.

Captain Breadner hounds us all,
However large, however small,
And Mr. Dee will make us toil
Until our brains seem to need some oil.

We all have a right to be tired and weary,
Because our oppressions make life so dreary,
Though some may ask the question, "How?"
We're sure to struggle through somehow.

DIVISION XXXIII.

Now, take your hats off to our div.,
We hold a place of high renown;
Thirty-three's spirit will ever live
And never will we let it down.

Though modest, as we all should be,
This thought arrests us as we go,
The dear old hours in thirty-three
Are sweeter than in any show.

Oh! thirty-three, we chant your fame,
And when the years have passed, we'll see
That one bright div. completes the fame
Of our High School . . . it's thirty-three.

And yet, it's possible that I,
This time next year, will write some verse
About another div. at High,
And if I do you'll need a nurse.

DIVISION XXXIV.

Noel Johnson is our budding Melba. She won the Senior Cup for singing at the Musical Festival. Our class is proud of her.

Phyllis Monaghan has all the wit and blarney of the typical Irish colleen.

Doreen Dale-Johnson is our class president. She keeps us all in order, and besides is very good at sports.

Arthur Fuller is not very big but he is made of good stuff.

Vernon Adie is handsome but shy. He doesn't know that he is a favorite amongst the girls.

Phyllis Cole holds the record for continuous talking. We wonder if she talks in her sleep.

Philip Holmes is a great homework dodger. His excuses are very ingenious.

Edith Crocker will never be a big game hunter. She is scared of mice.

Jean Thompson is terribly worried over her school girl complexion. Cheer up, Jean, freckles are a sign of beauty.

Douglas Gent is teachers' pet. He would be excused for anything short of murder.

DIVISION XXXV.

The main purpose of which is to produce on the premises the most reliable and exemplary work in school hours of any division in the School, has, up to the moment of going to press, fulfilled its purpose to the entire satisfaction of the staff. We would also draw the attention of readers to the fact that this division has yet another remarkable feature. It is a very quiet division, possessing such a wonderful unity—the "Pack Spirit"—that we move from room to room calmly as the "waters." "We "Pearce" our difficulties, so that no "Caine" is ever required to be used by the old "Beaney."

In conclusion, may we point out that although we have no actual "block-head" in the division, we have a "Mottershead," a "Bridge," a "Twist," a "Winker" and a "Barker." These are rather awkward things, but we hope to win out in spite of all obstacles.

"SPRING"

(Prize Poem)

Down the lanes and gardens neat
Comes a lady, oh so sweet,
Bringing flowers and birds that sing.
Can you guess her name? Why, Spring!

A laughing lady, sweet and kind,
With sunny smiles so gay,
Bedeck'd with golden daffodils
She drops them on her way.

Her hair is golden as the sun,
Her eyes are full of mirth,
Her voice, the call of joyous birds,
The sweetest on the earth;

Tripping through the orchards,
Whispering to the trees,
Kissing all the hill-tops
With an arrant breeze.

—Margaret Sullivan, Division XXII.

Exchange

We beg to acknowledge receipt of "The Twig" of University of Toronto Schools, "The Log" of Ocean Falls High School, "Le Conte Life" of Hollywood, the "Anecho" of Victoria Normal College, the "Victoria College Annual" of Victoria.

Each of the above magazines does credit to those responsible for its production. We trust that our own "Camosun" will prove as acceptable.

Modern History Club

ANOTHER successful year of the Modern History Club comes rapidly to a close. The executive with the untiring efforts of the advisers and the constant attendance of the members have attained an outstanding place for the club in the school.

The big event of the year was in the form of the annual interschool debates when the Modern History Club represented by Joyce Applegate and Lydia Smith, was successful in defeating Oak Bay and University Schools for the Modern History Club Shield. The subjects for the debates were in the two cases, first, "Resolved that the League of Nations has justified its existence"; secondly, "Resolved that Mussolini's dictatorship has been beneficial to Italy." The affirmative was upheld by us in both cases.

Many interesting speeches have been given during the year by Mr. Nicholas on "Manchuria Today," Mr. Scobie on "The Gold Standard," Mr. Hansen on "India," Cyril Chave on "The Necessity of Internationalism" and by Mr. French on "The History of the Hudson's Bay Company Fur Trade and the Eskimos."

In closing, the Club wishes to thank the Misses Sargent, Shields, Florence MacLeod and Mr. Buck very sincerely for their untiring service and co-operation in making this term one of the Modern History Club's most successful.

The Executive—President, Joyce Applegate; vice-president, Bill McPhee; secretary, Bertha Darby; matric. representative, Bill Herbert; third year representative of the four-year course, Helen Schwengers; junior representative, Bernice Unwin.

Portia

ANOTHER school year is drawing to a close and a good many members of the Portia Society will have feelings of regret to think that the happy associations formed during these years of High School work are coming to an end.

The first meeting of the term was held to elect the officers of the new executive, which were as follows:

President—Judy Peetz.
Vice-President—Ruth McTavish.
Secretary—Joan Pears.
Matriculation Representative—Margaret Bawden.
Camosun Reporter—Jean May.
Commercial Representative—Ruth Haynes.
Junior Representative—Ellen Purves.
Preliminary Representative—Katherine O'Hara.

On January 27th the half-yearly elections were held and the following girls elected:

President—Ruth McTavish.
Vice-President—Ruth Haynes.
Secretary—Ruth Pedlingham.
Matriculation Representative—Helen Cameron.
Commercial Representative—Alma Vey.
Junior Representative—Ann-Mari Bjornsfelt.
Preliminary Representative—Joan Bach.

The regular meetings of the year have consisted of debates, public speeches and impromptu speeches; and in these different programmes many girls have taken part most successfully, since ten Matriculation and two Junior students have this year won their pins.

The annual Portia-Beta Delta debate took place on February 18th. The debate was closely contested but the affirmative, upheld by Ruth Haynes and Helen Cameron, defeated the negative, upheld by Ewan and Warren. This success meant that Portia would again hold the Portia-Beta Delta Challenge Cup. It also gave her an opportunity to continue in the series of debates for the Modern History Club Shield. Ruth McTavish and Peggy Taylor were chosen for this second inter-society debate, and after a stiff fight lost to Joyce Applegate and Linda Smith of the Modern History Club.

At the request of Mrs. Lloyd Morgan, Portia has this year inaugurated an oratorical contest among the girls of the senior years. Mr. Dilworth and

Mr. Harry Smith, who acted as judges, gave first place among the Matrics to Ruth Haynes, and among the Juniors to Agnes Janes.

Many interesting outside speakers have been heard by members of Portia during the past year. Miss Humphrey of the Victoria College gave a very valuable talk on "Public Speaking and Debating"; Miss Marjorie Waites gave the girls an excellent idea of the running of the Women's Workroom, and Miss Patricia Hamilton-Smith of the Oak Bay High School spoke entertainingly of the old and the new in quaint and picturesque Japan. A most enjoyable meeting too was the one at which the ex-Portia girls of the Victoria College staged two humorous sketches.

On April 20th the Cafeteria was again the scene of a delightful silver tea, this year a Primrose Tea. The girls were divided into groups of four and were responsible for the beautifully decorated tables and daintily served refreshments. The first prize was won by the table of Ruth McTavish, Ruth Witter, Josephine Englehardt and Jean May; the second by that of Lovisa Jansen, Mary Hancock, Joyce Dickson and Isla Tuck.

The society owes an excellent year to the untiring efforts of Miss Hamilton, Miss Maxwell, Miss Archibald and Miss Halroyd and to the other teachers who have so kindly acted as judges and helped in many ways. Our thanks are also due to the members of the Executive Committees and to the girls who have spoken for their loyal support, which has meant another most profitable year for "Portia."

The prize winners for the year are as follows:

University Women's Prizes: 3rd year, 1st prize, Helen Cameron; 2nd prize, Peggy Bartle; 2nd year, 1st prize, Audrey Farquhar; 2nd prize, Mira Oliphant.

Mrs. Morgan's Prize: 3rd year, Ruth Haynes; 2nd year, Agnes Janes.

Miss Macleod's Prizes for 1st year students: 1st prize, Barbara Woolley; 2nd prize, Margaret Sullivan.

The following students have won their Portia Pins: 3rd year, Helen Cameron, Peggy Bartle, Peggy Taylor, Ruth Haynes, Lavisa Jansen, Ruth Pedlingham, Mary Gibson, Judy Peetz, Hope Large, Ruth McTavish; 2nd year, Muriel Chave, Allison Smith.

Beta Delta

ANOTHER successful year of the Beta Delta Society is drawing to a rapid close. The club held its first meeting for the purpose of organization on September 24. The executive elected was as follows:

President—Alaric Corby.
Vice-President—Jack Giolma.
Secretary—Bob Jones.
Matriculation Representatives—Bob Warren and Jack Trace.
Junior Representatives—B. Shipton and M. Matthews.
Preliminary Representative—D. Tuck.

This executive, through its untiring efforts, was responsible for many interesting programmes. The inter-class debates were drawn up with the following divisions competing: Divisions 4, 5, 8, 13, 25 and 29. A number of outside speakers were obtained during the term. Mr. C. Campbell of the staff talked on "A trip Through the San Juan Islands"; Mr. Warr, whose address, "Fun," proved extremely interesting and amusing, and Mr. Cook, also of the staff, delivered a most instructive address on "The Geology of British Columbia."

The results of the elections for the second term were as follows:
President—Alaric Corby.
Vice-President—Bob Warren.
Secretary—Jack Trace.
Matriculation Representatives—R. Jones, J. Giolma and Williams.
Junior Representatives—B. Shipton and A. Cox.
Preliminary Representative—D. Tuck.
Camosun Reporter—Jack Trace.

This executive worked diligently, and during its regime it was fortunate in securing B. C. Nicholas, editor of The Times, who gave a very appropriate address on "How to Overcome These Present Day Conditions," and Rev. Bruce Gray of the First United Church whose talk on "Modern Difficulties and How to Overcome Them to Achieve Ultimate Success" was most enlightening.

Portia again walked off with the silverware in the Portia-Beta Delta debate, but it is hoped that the boys will be successful next year.

Division 13 was successful in winning the pennant for the Inter-Class debates, Division 8 being the runner-up. Almost twenty boys have won their pins and will receive same at the end of the term.

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On February 4, through the kindness of the manager of "The Neon Products of Western Canada" the club visited the local plant of this company. The manager gave an interesting talk to the boys on "Salesmanship," telling how the sign is sold, the different contracts, etc. At a later date, through the kindness of Mr. Watson, the society visited his printing plant which proved extremely interesting.

In closing the Society wishes to express its sincere thanks to all who have acted as judges throughout the year, and to Mr. Buck, the honorary president. Without his active leadership on the executive the Society would not have achieved the success it did during the year 1931-32.

Dramatics

THIS year we presented three fine plays. The Christmas play was "Crossings," ably directed by Miss Cameron. The next play was also due to Miss Cameron's efforts. It was our Dramatic Festival play, "The Golden Doom," which compared most favourably with those put on by other groups.

The Matric. play this year was a most successful production. The setting was a blue room centred by a fine fireplace. In the room we had real "Louis XIV" furniture, all splendid in gilt and cushions. We think that you will remember Ken Macdonald as he served the dear Misses Wetherall. Ken was a most stern and perfect butler. The star character was Mary Dickson, who portrayed "Fanny" with much grace and ability, as she started to manage Lord Bantock's home. This play, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," owed its success to the fine efforts of Mr. Dee, Miss Cameron, Miss Swanson and the supporting cast.

Death Hollow

(Prize Story)

THE life-long friendship of Leslie and Jack Fraser was in danger of coming to an abrupt ending the day Jack called Leslie a liar. Of course Jack didn't know Leslie was so intensely in earnest in what he said in relating the story I am about to repeat. Possibly Leslie did stretch the story a little, but it really did not need any stretching. It actually happened to Leslie and me three years ago, and it was an experience neither of us would care to have repeated.

It was in mid-December and the snow had a crust on it which crackled loudly under foot. The night was deathly still, and the moon, which was full and bright earlier in the evening, was obscured by a hazy mist. In the air was a crispness which penetrated our clothing like a knife. I know my teeth were chattering in the cold, and I would have given anything I possessed to have been in front of a nice warm fire.

Leslie and I were trudging wearily along the old road through a deep hollow which we afterwards learned was known locally as "Death Hollow." The road was used very infrequently, as a newer one had been constructed which saved the traveller several miles and many steep gradients.

We had been tramping along steadily and in silence when, suddenly, from behind us, we heard the sharp grinding of iron-shod wheels on the crispness of the snow's crust. The crunching sound grew closer and louder until we were obliged to move to the roadside to allow the buggy to pass. A thin, broken-down black horse was pulling the old-fashioned vehicle. Upon the driver's seat sat a good-looking young gentleman. There was something queer about him, but I could not make out what it was. He was dressed in full evening clothes which struck me as rather odd, the weather being so cold. Then I noticed what it was that had struck me as so queer about him. His clothing was of the fashion of the late 'nineties. His skin was deathly white and he stared at us out of eyes that saw, yet did not seem to possess sight.

As he drew level with us and without an order of any kind the horse stopped. In a cool, sweet voice he asked: "Would you like a lift?"

Grateful to be off our weary feet, we got into the old buggy. Slowly we started off and, as I glanced down, my blood nearly froze. There, at the driver's feet, lay a large oblong box, dripping blood. To the right, just at the end of the coffin—for so it was—lay the head of a very beautiful lady.

I became aware of a queer feeling in my stomach and cold sweat broke out on my forehead.

"Heaven help me!" I prayed, as it came home to me that the head was detached from the body.

I must have stared at the ghastly object for full a minute whilst to my left the driver sat staring ahead with his unseeing eyes, his body rigid and stark as in death. I gripped the edge of the seat tightly with terrified fingers and as tightly were my lips compressed with fear as we moved slowly off the road down a sidetrack towards a tiny lake whose waters showed black as a pall-cloth against the white surface of the surrounding snow. Everything was ominously still and neither Leslie nor I had the power even to open our lips much less clamber out of the ghoulish vehicle.

Then, again without any movement or tug on the reins, the buggy stopped. I looked towards the horse. It had vanished! Our host, if I may so call him, motioned us out and, powerless seemingly to do otherwise, we obeyed. As we dropped stiffly to the ground, the man coughed. Or the sound might have been a deep-throated, mocking laugh. Looking up at him he motioned us to go forward with a long, lean arm and pointed finger. About to do so I unconsciously looked downwards and stopped dead with one foot poised. In terror I grasped Leslie by the arm and tugged frantically at him. At our feet yawned an open well, wide of mouth and of an abysmal blackness. Again I experienced that feeling of sickness in my stomach as, with an effort, I plunged sideways dragging Leslie with me. Clear of the danger I sank to the snow, and my whole body shivered as I thought of what might have happened to us had we taken that one fatal step forward.

In a few moments I had regained my composure and with rising anger I got to my feet determined to take to task our attempted murderer.

I gazed around me in astonishment, for nothing remained but the dead level flatness of the blue-white snow. As quickly and as silently as the horse both man and buggy had disappeared.

I looked at Leslie. He also was staring, ashen-lipped, at the spot where the vehicle had so lately stood. With an agony of effort we managed to move our leaden limbs and turned our backs on the ghastly spot. A few steps we took and then broke into a run, nor did we stop until the lights of our destination twinkled ahead of us.

Breathlessly a few minutes later we staggered into the inn and, from the astonished proprietor, ordered cup after cup of steaming hot coffee. Warmed by the grateful fluid, our fear somewhat abated and our normal mental functions began to work again.

The next day I enquired of an ancient worker the name of the road that ran past the little lake in the hollow. .

The man looked at me and then looked down at the ground.

"That," he drawled slowly, "is Suicide Trail!"

I looked at him quickly

"Yeah!" he continued, "it's a funny name awright." Then, inconsequently, —"He was a filthy cur, if ever there wuz one"

He noticed the look of enquiry on our faces and went on slowly.

"You see, Sally—that was my niece—was about to marry the dirty snake. They wuz goin' to Ashton to be married. It was along in ninety-eight, at night, and they travelled in a buggy. The next day poor Sally was found near an old well somewheres near that lake you talked of. Her whole body was carved to ribbons. Just like so much pork," he added in explanation.

I shuddered. . . . The old man wen on: "It looked like 'sif it wuz done with a carvin'-knife. Her pretty head was cut clean off," he paused. Then: "The yellow dog killed himself afterwards. A good thing for him he did."

There was another long pause, and then our old friend proceeded: "There's an old well—I told you of just now—there's a mystery about it too. Pretty nigh every spring we find someone dead at the bottom of it. The Lord knows how they gits there 'cause we put up danger notices, but some way or other they are alwuz knocked flat, and they are not of much account as warnin's that way. Most of the dead 'uns we've found are strangers in these parts—like yourselves. It's very queer, it is."

I ventured to ask why the well was not filled in.

"Can't be done," the old man answered. "It's too durned deep. You'd have to shovel half the country-side into it before it'd start to fill in."

I can understand how difficult it must have been for Jack to swallow this story, but it was quite true. I personally will never forget the experience, I know, and it still haunts me in my dreams.

—Dennis Fairbairn.

Fuji Yama

(Prize Descriptive Essay)

THERE it lies, sublime and beautiful! In the clear calm of new-born dawn, the waning moon bids a glimmering farewell. Beneath paling stars, rising in an unbroken curve to a height of 12,365 feet, the triple-peaked sacred mountain lies wrapped in filmy, transparent clouds. As light floods the Island Empire, kissed by the rising sun, Fuji Yama blushes delicate pink and lilac.

Nearer and nearer we approach. Just as a cock crew, we arrived at its base. Thrilling with anticipation, with a feeling somewhat akin to awe, I gazed upwards. My dreams were coming true! At last, somewhere beyond those clouds, I was to delve far into sacred lore, which lay undisturbed, untouched by the progress of countless years.

Mounted on horses, with lunches slung over our shoulders and staffs in hand, we began our glorious ascent. Indeed, Fuji Yama seemed Nature's favoured spot, for along its mountain paths she had bestowed her choicest treasures. Dusky pines grew on all sides. Myriads of delicately tinted flowers dotted the undergrowth. The quiet air was laden with the spicy odour of pines. Playful, wayward sunbeams darted here and there. Only the "clip-clap" of horse-hooves or the occasional chirp of a lone cicada broke the stillness of this mountain solitude. We rode steadily upwards. Now half our journey was done! We had reached the fifth stopping-place, beyond which lay consecrated ground. As only sandalled feet may tread this holy soil, our horses were sent back, and we began the actual steep climb on foot.

The trees became sparse and the cool woods were left far behind. Rich, soft earth gave way to light, spongy lava, which crunched and rolled under our feet. The heat was intense. With lips dry and throats parched, we looked up towards our goal. It loomed up above us, defiant and challenging. Would we never reach it?

At last our goal was reached! Tired but happy, we were now standing on the summit, thousands of feet above sea level. Here was a vast opening, once the heart of boiling, bubbling activity, ejecting molten lava, but now tranquil and inactive. As the sun sank to rest, we too bade farewell to the twinkling stars, and sought shelter for the night in a little hut

Sunrise on Fuji Yama! I had often heard praises of its beauty but had never dreamed that it would be like this. As I gazed towards the east, a ball of living fire rose, slowly flooding the sleeping world with light. It was beautiful, no, more than beautiful It was awful. Had I been a Buddhist I too would have dropped to my knees in reverence. Far below us, away in

the distance, beautiful Lake Hakone nestled amid dark woods, gleaming like sapphire.

Regretfully we began the descent. Sliding and slipping over spongy lava, we speedily reached the fifth stopping-place. Here we again mounted on horses. The remainder of the descent was through wooded glades. For hours we rode beneath the pines. Finally, as we were jogging along, the main highway came into view. My pilgrimage to the Mecca of Japan was over, and I had succumbed, like others, to its many charms. As I wended homeward in the summer dusk, I glanced back. There it lay, silvery and ghostly in the moonlight, a peerless guardian of "The Land of the Rising Sun."

—Eiko Henmi, Division IX.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

If you will be so kind as to permit me to say a few words in your valuable magazine, I should like to bring to your attention a most serious matter.

For many years the boys of our noble institution have taken very little, if any, interest in girls' sports. Is this showing school sporot? It certainly is not my idea of true sportsmanship. Have you ever seen a hundred, or say even twenty students watching a grass hockey game? Certainly not! Yet hundreds of boys, and I may say girls also, have been seen standing in the pouring rain watching our great Rugby team being tossed about in a pool of mud. On the other hand, the hockey team does not play in the rain or on a soggy field, but why are the students not present at these games? Has the gymnasium ever been filled to capacity when a girls' basketball game is being played? Yes, you may say it has been, but only on the occasion when a boys' game is also being played.

Personally, I think this is most inconsiderate of the boys, and I advise that steps be taken immediately to right this situation.

Yours for keener interest in girls' sports.

LOTTA BELLE OWNIE.

Dear Mr. Editor:

There has been for some time a noticeable absence of soap in this school. In Algebra we are forced to recognize that x may be a minus quantity, but have mathematics advanced so far that they apply to soap? Many a time we have heard the age-old adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," but when our Rugby team comes home they are literally caked with the spoils of the play. Now we like our spoils, but we prefer them in silver, not in clay, and would you have our Rugby hero anything less than a god? This is a rhetorical question, and we expect no answer, but we wish the answer no.

Now we don't mind the texture of the soap. It may be soft or hard, although we are not fond of soft soap; but what we urge you to consider is its quantity, not its quality.

Yours in hopes of the "skin you love to touch,"

ANN ONYMUS.

Dear Sir:

I have a complaint to make regarding the strictness of discipline exercised in Victoria High School. My two boys who attend your school bring home to me reports that really shock me. Can it really be true that the students are not allowed to chew gum in classes? Such strictness is appalling. The poor dears should be allowed not only to chew gum but to stretch it, to crack it, and to exchange their wads with each other. Again, I am told that no running is permitted in the corridors. I think this is disgraceful. What are the corridors for? Aren't the corridors an ideal place for all kinds of fun and frolic? Why shouldn't my boys bring their air-rifles to school and fire from one end of the corridor to the other? My dear little lads inform me that they are not allowed to contradict the teacher. Mr. Editor, I insist that my beloved boys be allowed all the freedom in school that they enjoy at home. When they contradict their loving father or mother, they do so in such a mannerly way that no offence is felt. And besides the spirit of contradiction encourages a spirit of independence in thought and behaviour. Dear Mr. Editor, use every means in your power to obtain more freedom of behaviour in your school, and to make it more like home.

MOTHER OF SIX.

By Bill Herbert

SPORTS at the High this year have been highly successful for both participants and coaches. In all branches we have seen marked progress from that of last year in track, Rugby ,grass hockey and both girls' and boys' basketball. The athletes this season have certainly put up a standard for those coming on to shoot at. Now from general items let's switch to particularities.

Boys' Sports

The most important of all High School sports, both of the fair sex and the stalwart males, is Rugby. For the past several seasons High has always fielded a championship team, and this year was no exception. Last year the senior ruggers journeyed to the metropolis across the water and lifted the B.C. High School Rugby crown. After licking all the local entries eligible for the provincial title, Vancouver being the challengers, did not send the expected challenge, so from all possible deductions, the laurels of a B.C. championship rest once more upon the heads of our giants on the rugger crew.

Here's a brief resume of the team's activities. Early in October—maybe November—Mr. C. L. Campbell succeeded Mr. H. L. Smith as senior Rugby coach. He had on hand eight men from last season's squad. From the first practice turnout Mr. Campbell had ample material for a strong squad. The team was finally assembled, and the Scott-Moncrieff series got under way. In the first match with University School, played on our own grounds, High came through with a 12-0 win. Three weeks later at Mount Tolmie the lads threw the University boys for a 20 to 0 defeat to take a strangle hold on the series. Meanwhile Brentwood College, the third aggregation in the series, had split a pair with Mount Tolmie. After much humming and hawing a game, the final in the series, was arranged with the Brentwood squad. With a defeat meaning another game to be played late in the season

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BOYS' SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Top Row (left to right)—Coach C. L. Campbell, Joe Addison, Gordon Scott, Frank Dale-Johnson, Doug. Crawford, Doug. Peden, Art. Leason, Alex. Gaunt, Muzz Patrick.
Bottom Row—Harry Robson, Lorne Ritchie, Bob Ferguson, Vic. Smith, Art Chapman (capt.) Harold Price, Bill Levy and Walter Stipe.
(Jack Ishida was absent when picture was taken.)

and a victory the trophy, our lads went out to Tod Inlet determined to win. They did—after a game that was more like a mud-pie manufacturing plant, High winning by a 9 to 3 score. Now everybody knows a defeat is good for the system, and High had the saying come back to them with a jolt. The Navy men from Esquimalt gave them a 12 to0 licking, while Oak Bay Wanderers also handed them a setback. However here's something that hasn't been done before—High School gave the championship College fifteen three straight defeats. We don't know if Mr. Campbell will be handling the Rugby next season, but if he is we offer him our best wishes for another successful season.

COWICHAN CUP RUGBY TEAM

Top Row (left to right)—Shimizu, Hodgson, Chisholm, Taylor.
Bottom Row—Bucklin, Casilio, Young (captain), Nip, Hughes and Scott.

CURTIS CUP RUGBY TEAM

Top Row (left to right)—Parrot, Leavitt, Taylor, R. Hughes, Scott.
Bottom Row—Campbell, Casilio, Young (captain), H. Hughes and Nip.

JUNIOR RUGBY

Slipping gently from the seniors we see with much gratification that Coach W. E. Cook's two Rugby squads, the Cowichan and Curtis Cup teams, took both trophies. All the lads are just youngsters, and from what we saw of them, they will all be dandy players in the sweet bye and bye. Here's their doings for the year: Cowichan Cupsters—Victoria High (11) vs. Oaklands (0); Victoria High (3) vs. Boys' Central (0). Curtis Cup Rugby—Victoria High (14) vs. Oaklands (6); Victoria High (19) vs. South Park (0); Victoria High (3) vs. Boys5 Central (0); Victoria High (13) vs. Willows (0).

We might add that although all the lads played valiantly, Teddy Young was the big noise, scoring the majority of the points. Congrats, boys, and best of luck next year, Mr. Cook.

BASKETBALL

In this particular game High has from earliest recording fielded a strong team. With Mr. L. Hardie as coach this year's squad has had a fine season. Since the squad was a little late in getting under way, we did not enter a team in any city league. However, officials from High, College and Normal got together and formulated the Senior Schools League. High School came through with victories in all games except one which they dropped to Normal unexpectedly both to Normal and themselves. Normal landed up in second place while the Collegians were in the cellar at the finish. In the only exhibition of note High School easily defeated the Durkins of Vancouver by a 49 to 9 score. The team is composed of Art Chapman, Muzz Patrick, Norm Florence, Bill Levy, Doug Peden, Walt Stipe, and congratulations to you and the squad, Mr. Hardie.

TENNIS

Harold Gray, who hails from the tall timbers and back woods of Metchosin way, was made prefect of badminton early in the season. Emerging from this section of the racquet-wielding pastime with apparent success, he was elected secretary of the recently-formed High School Boys' Tennis Club. We are sorry that we go to press before the first inter-school match takes place on May 31 with University School. However, we hope they win.

The badminton was on the bright side, and some fast games were played with Normal, College and the Willows Juniors. We have an apology to make —in The Times of May 7 we referred to Vic Smith of the tennis squad as Victoria. This was quite unintentional, Vic, and we are sorry. Now, girls, don't go around calling him Victoria.

GYMNASIUM TEAM

Top Row (left to right)—D. Beach, C. Billingsley, R. Dunn, E. Butterworth, G. Lee, C. Peden, A. McGregor, A. Kirkbride. Second Row—R. Hughes, A. George, S. Corbett, C. Coates, J. Alexander, M. Denstead. Third Row—D. Rhodes, R. Harbour, R. Ferguson, W. A. Roper, W. Holborne, R. Holtum, R. McSween.
Sitting—L. Cox, J. Ferguson.

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right—Art Chapman, Muzz Patrick, Bill Levy, Doug. Peden, Norm. Florence Walter Stipe and Coach L. Hardie.

GOLF

Say, did you know that we had some hefty followers of the Royal and Ancient pastime at the school both in the professors and amongst the students? Yes, sir, we have. A number of the ladies play, including Miss Hamilton (we think), Miss Grant and Miss Archibald. Miss Maxwell used to play, and we don't know if she still replaces the divots. Mr. Hardie, Mr. Cook and Captain Boyd are well-known divot slingers, and possibly more of the men play. The most outstanding of the students is Ken Lawson, the little fellow in second-year commercial who reached the semis in the Uplands Golf Club tournament. Gordon Aaronson and Bink Fairbairn also swing nice clubs.

GYM DISPLAY

The annual gym display went over in a large way this year, and records for attendance went by the boards. The programme was varied and interesting and was handled in fine style by Mr. Roper and Miss Miller. The programme follows: Apparatus work by the boys; dumb-bell drill by girls of Divisions 5, 4, 7, 11, 12, 13 and 16; folk dances by girls of Divisions 22, 23, 24, 26, 28, 29, 33 and 34; sword dance by Adeline Grant; apparatus work by boys; Indian club swinging by girls of Divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 12 and 13; apparatus work by girls; tumbling by boys; dance by P. Dilworth, F. Ockenden and D. Fraser. Marge Margison and Helen Schwengers played the accompaniments, while Frank Lockwood and George Dickson were the Clowns.

TRACK MEET

This year's sports department is pleased to announce that they have secured a "scoop" over all other editions of The Camosun in being able to present the results of the annual Sports Day, held on May 20. We were afraid at first that there would be no sports on account of the rain, but it cleared up splendidly, for which we take off our hat to Old Man Jupe Pluvius. It is pretty stale now that the new boys' champ is Muzz Patrick, who came from out of nowhere, figuratively speaking, to cop the crown by a 12-point margin over Ernie Butterworth, his closest rival. Peg Brindle took the senior girls' championship with a fine performance to nose out her rivals, M. Bridge, W. Bridge and R. Robertson, who were all bracketed in the second slot. Lorne McGregor is the intermediate boys' victor, while T. Lee-Warner occupies the same position on the girls' side of the school. Bobby Halkett, diminutive Rugby man, won the boys' junior title; C. Jesse was the girls' junior title winner.

Four school records were broken and three equalled. Art Chapman broke his own record of 38 feet 2 inches in the shot put by hurling the ball 42 feet

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8½ inches. Joe Addison clipped a fifth of a second off the century dash, coming through with a fine run down the stretch in 10 and one-fifth seconds. Bobby Halkett clipped two-fifths of a second from the junior 110 yards, sprinting the distance in 12 and three-fifths seconds. In the 120 hurdles, Roy Waters bounded over the bars like a scared deer to complete the run in 17 and four-fifths seconds, smashing the former record of 19 seconds flat by one and one-fifth seconds. Records were tied in the 100-yard intermediate boys, 75-yard intermediate girls and 75 junior girls. Best of luck in the future, you great big fine bunch of athletes.

INTER-HIGH TRACK MEET

Coach W. A. Roper and his band of flying spikes made Victoria track and field history on Friday, May 27, when they came through with a fine win in the inter-high track meet, made up of teams entered from Brentwood College, Saanich and Victoria High. Vic. High, with Chapman and Addison in the fore, tore through the opposition for an aggregate of 33 points, while Brentwood College was second with 16 points to it scredit. Saanich finished up with 11 points. Much credit goes to the Saanich squad for its splendid exhibition, and we hope that they will be more successful next season, although we take no glory from the heads of our own gang of track men. The following are the Victoria High track and field squad: E. Butterworth, Art Chapman, J. Addison, Murray Patrick, D. Crawford, R. Waters, A. Gaunt, Bill Thompson, L. Ritchie, D. Surphlis and Lorne McGregor. Much more success in the future, gang, and all of the best to you, Mr. Roper.

Girls' Sports

THE girls basketball league had a banner year, as usual, and for their stellar performance the crew rated a trip to Port Angeles, where they came through in fine style to beat the Roosevelt High squad by a fine margin. In a return match the girls defeated the Port Angeles team at our own gym. Lois Macmurchie and Mary Wilson played outstandingly throughout the season, while all the other girls played a fine brand of ball. The team is made up of Lois Macmurchie, Mary Wilson, Muriel Thompson, Jean Wilson, Ella Bremner, E. Trotter, O. Miller and Juanita Pelland. Miss Miller was the coach. Games were played with Normal, College and several private institutions.

GRASS HOCKEY

The girls inter-divisional basketball league went off without a hitch, and Division 7 finally won after a tough battle with Division 12. The score was 15 to 11. Congrats; hope you do the same next year.

In the grass hockey section of girls' sports, the High squad has had a splendid year. The inter-school crown was taken by the squad, as well as the Mae Tully Shield, which marks the second consecutive year that the shield will grace the silverware cupboard in the library. In the Mae Tully series, which is played annually with Oak Bay High, Victoria High stickhandled their way to wto victories in three matches. The first match played on the Victoria grounds (February 25) resulted in a 5 to 3 victory for the suburbanites. The next mix was staged on the Oak Bay High layout on March 10, and our girls came out on top of a 3 to 2 score. The final game in the series was played on March 15 on the Oak Bay field, and after a hectic session Vic. High was on the long end of a 6 to 1 score. Following is a chronological order of games played from October 17 to March 19: V.H.S. lost to Queen Margaret's at Duncan, 11 to 1; won from College, 7 to 0; lost to St. Margaret's, 1 to 0; won from V.H.S. 2nd string, 3 to 1; won from College, 1 to 0; won from St. Margaret's, 3 to 2; lost to College, 5 to 3; lost to Oak Bay High, 5 to 3; won from Norfolk House, 6 to 0; won from Oak Bay High, 3 to 2; tie with Duncan ladies' team, 2 all; won from Oak Bay High, 6 to 1; lost to Duncan ladies' team, 5 to 4; the latter games were home and home, with the first taking place at Duncan. The following girls are on the first-string squad: Beth Dilworth, Grace Stewart, E. Miles, B. Hastings, P. Rhodes, M. Unsworth, F. Malcolm, D. Johnson, Doreen Beere, B. Hutchinson, B. Darby and I. Brockington.

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Left to right—Bertha Darby, E. Miles, B. Dilworth, M. Unsworth, F. Malcolm, I. Brockington, D. Johncon, B. Hastings, P. Rhodes, Grace Stewart, D. Beere and Miss M. Miller.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

E. Trotter, O. Miller, J. Wilson, J. Pelland, Mary Wilson, M. Thompson, Ella Bremnar, Lois Macmurchie, and Miss M. Miller.

GIRLS' TENNIS

While tennis is just getting into its stride, the girls played the 1931 doubles way back at the first of the school year inSeptember, we believe. Marg Margison and Muriel Thompson (she of the flaxen locks) defeated A. Farquhar and Agnes Janes in a bang-up exhibition of the racquet-wielding pastime. The '32 doubles will be played next September, while the singles championship should be finished when you read this. It is entirely too early to do any chance foretelling of the future, so we won't say who will wear the singles crown this year.

While on the subject we would like to congratulate the girls on their splendid victory over Shawnigan Lake a few weeks ago. Headed by Marg Margison and Muriel Thompson, the club certainly showed the up-islanders how tennis should be played. A return match is being arranged while we are writing this.

Late News

Incidentally, we might say that since we wrote the boys' athletics about two weeks before the Boys' Tennis Club played their first inter-school match with Brentwood, we couldn't get to congratulate them in the proper place, so we'll do it here. The lads defeated the Mount Tolmie boys by a 6 to 3 score after some fine matches. Lots of luck next year.

BADMINTON

The badminton club had a fine year with a banner turnout of players. Games were played with Willows, College and Normal School, while in the school championships for the 1931-32 crown, played early in January, Carol Boyer defeated Jennie Ward. It is expected that the club will gain with leaps and bounds next season, as it has shown much progress in the last two seasons.

SWIMMING GALA

Once more the girls came to the fore in the swimming end of High School sports when Lilian Stokes, powerful water clipper, came through with four wins to take the Division 21 challenge trophy, won last year by her buddy, Eleanor Peden, in the annual High School gala, held at the Crystal Garden on January 30. Kewpie Unsworth was the runner-up in the girls' division, while in the boys' section George Wellburn won the 100-yard and thirds in backstroke and under eighteen years fifty-yard affair, to end up as boys' champ. Bill Holbourne and W. Simpson were right on his tail. Miss Stokes' wins came in the senior 100, fifty-yard freestyle and fifty-yard open backstroke and breaststroke. There was an enthusiastic turnout of students, although more could easily be handled.

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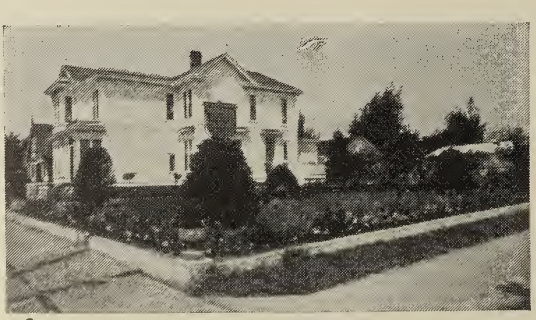

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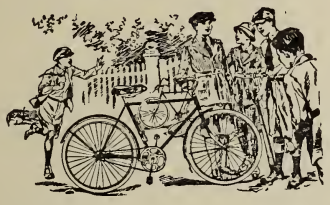

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